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New Republic

WINTER BOOK NUMBER

Essays and Reviews by

Louise Bogan
Nicola Chiaromonte
Malcolm Cowley
Dudley Fitts
Katherine Hoskins
Irving Howe
Lincoln Kirstein
James R. Newman
M. L. Rosenthal
Harvey Curtis Webster

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Letters

Britain and the US

● For obvious reasons we are focusing most of our attention on military preparedness to resist the expansion of Russian power by force or intimidation. We tend, therefore, to overlook the fact that the Kremlin strategists count on the inability of the non-Communist world to make effective use of its forces and its weapons, no matter how numerous or how destructive. The Russian Communists confidently expect that the selfishness, fears, suspicions, rivalries and political near-sightedness, the "contradictions" of capitalism, will prevent the non-Communists from dealing effectively with the economic and social problems of these times. Failure to make progress with these problems will destroy the possibility of collective action and break down the will to defend national and individual freedom in the countries outside the Russian orbit.

Military preparedness, therefore, is neither the only nor even the first line of defense against Russian imperialism. The first job is to use the natural, human and moral resources of the free countries. This does not mean giving orders to pensioners but partnership and mutual aid on the basis of continuous discussion and a common policy founded on consent. We can meet the Russian strategy of divide, disintegrate and rule by joint and combined operations in economic, political and social problems as well as in defense.

Britain and the nations of the Commonwealth are not only our natural collaborators, but, at this moment and for many reasons, they are our closest and most important allies. Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eden are experienced in the kind of joint operations the situation calls for. We have the opportunity to develop a partnership not only to hold the line but to give the world a resourceful leadership against the confusion and despair which the Russians exploit.

Stanford University HAROLD FISHER

The 1952 Campaign

● It has not been many months since I subscribed to the *New Republic*. Yet I am so very pleased with your magazine that I should like to do more than just sit back and enjoy news that is not intermixed with propaganda and lies.

Although a student at a technical school, *i.e.*, M.I.T., I believe that government policy rather than science can offer a solution to current problems. Several articles and letters in your magazine's recent issues have pointed out the advantages of having Eisenhower as President rather than Truman and, in particular—Taft. These people have overlooked an important fact. Why not have a strong liberal Democratic nominee?

Assuming that Truman chooses not to run, a chance will present itself by which the Democratic Party can take up the reins which FDR was forced by fate to drop. The American people, although disgusted with the present Administration's corruption, still remember the progressive, democratic legislation that was passed during the life of the New Deal. Perhaps a drive for a man of the caliber of Justice Douglas, Harold Ickes or any other New Dealer who has sufficient strength would be repaid by success. The Democratic Party's officials, although presently content with men who promise much and actually do little, could be convinced that a liberal, independent candidate, who could even beat the Republicans' strongest man, is better than a candidate who will probably lose.

It is this belief that leads me to wish that Eisenhower is nominated by the Republicans. In this case the Democratic Party will have to accept a liberal candidate since only he will have a chance to win.

A campaign in which the people have a *real* choice would result in a victory for liberalism and a return to the principles of the New Deal.

Brookline, Mass. STANLEY M. BLOOM

● Eisenhower? No.
Truman? No.
Taft? No.
Vinson? No.

For our immediate and long-range policies, domestic and international, we need men in the White House like Governor Warren or Douglas of the Supreme Court or Senator Morse of Oregon! Truman can't get the confidence any more. For Secretary of State, Ambassador Bowles!

Richmond, Calif. TOM KENDALL

The Fourth Monkey

● After reading "'Wild Wednesday' in San Francisco," by Richard Hyer (*NR*, Nov. 19), I am reminded of capitalism's injunction to the faithful.

The message of the three little monkeys is as follows: "See no evil, Hear no evil, Speak no evil." Now it appears that to be just deaf, blind and mute is not enough for the success of our democracy. We must have another monkey holding his nose and all good Democrats must have something done to those olfactory nerves.

Balboa, Calif. J. H. STEWART

League for Industrial Democracy

● Allow me to correct a few erroneous statements made in the article, "Are Students Afraid of Politics?" (*NR*, Oct. 29). The Student League for Industrial Democracy has not 150 members, as given in the article, but about 600. It has not six chapters, but 20. The lowest figures are only of students directly represented at the last conference.

The explanation for the difference between the SLID Convention showing and

(*Continued on page 4*)

Bandwagon

Sanctions

Many leading stamp collectors' organizations functioning locally in various cities are currently being requested by a philatelic club in Quincy, Mass., to agree "from patriotic motive" to refrain from making further purchases of Russia's postal paper. – *From the New York* Times.

Don't Mention It

Delegate William Pollock, Chairman of the Committee on Grievances and Appeals at the CIO Convention: "Mr. Chairman, as there were no appeals to come before our committee it was unnecessary to call a meeting of the committee. I therefore move you discharge the committee with thanks for the splendid job they have performed." Motion passed. – *From the Daily Proceedings of the CIO Convention.*

Type-Casting a President

As Sen. George Malone wound up a speech before Republican leaders in Carson City Monday night, he said the GOP should nominate for the 1952 Presidential campaign "a man who is a fighter, a good rugged American who really looks like he believes in Americanism." The Nevada Senator explained he thought this was particularly important because of the role television will play in the election. – *From the Reno* Evening Gazette.

Our readers are invited to contribute; $2 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, c/o New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – The Editors.

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New Republic

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WASHINGTON WIRE

GETTYSBURG had its Abraham Lincoln; Pearl Harbor, its Robert Taft.

On April 14, 1940, Taft said: "I am opposed to Selective Service because in my opinion no necessity exists requiring such drastic action."

On Feb. 16, 1941, Taft said: "It is simply fantastic to suppose there is any danger of an attack on the US by Japan."

On Feb. 22, 1941, Taft said: "An invasion of the US by the German army is as fantastic as would be an invasion of Germany . . . by an American army."

On Aug. 1, 1941, Taft said: "My opinion is that the situation looks infinitely safer. . . . I cannot understand the statement that the situation is more perilous than a year ago."

On Sept. 22, 1941, Taft said: "There is much less danger to this country than there was two years ago; certainly much less than there was one year ago."

And so, folks, on Dec. 7, 1941, the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor. As we recall what happened 10 years ago this week let us also recall the immortal lines of Taft the Prophet.

We listened to three fascinating men last week and couldn't help feeling that journalism has its moments after all. The first was Jumping Joe Ferguson, Ohio State Auditor, the man who ran against Taft in the 1950 Senatorial election and got swamped. He is an engaging, plump little man with a jerky adenoidal voice, a comically knowing look and a glad-hand. Reporters pinched themselves with disbelief and delight as he observed on the witness stand that he was not going to "cast any aspirations" on the press. This seemed too good to be true, but a minute later Sen. Thomas Hennings (D, Mo.) asked him if it wasn't all a matter of semantics?" Ferguson paused and replied, "Yes—I think." The impression which we brought away from this hearing was that Taft had virtually no opposition at all and that his reputation on the basis of his overwhelming Ohio victory is a phony. The Lausche Democratic machine in Ohio did not want trade unions to take over the state organization, as they have in Michigan, and made a deal with the GOP, either direct or indirect, to let jovial little Joe Ferguson slide.

An industrialist is our next exhibit. At one of Washington's dinner parties we met Robert R. Young, boss of the Chesapeake & Ohio and a major factor in the New York Central Railroad. We haven't heard anybody denounce New York bankers and "Morgan & Co." like that since Henry Ford! Young looks slight and frail till he starts talking, then his white-heat evangelism takes over. He thinks American railroads are sunk if they don't revolutionize passenger-car rolling stock right away. He has something in mind, too; it's the low-center-of-gravity, roller-coaster, light, flexible style train now in successful use in Spain. It can take curves at incredible speed, could cross the continent at 150 miles an hour, and—says Young—could restore rail-passenger competition with the airplane. Watch this idea of Young's; he himself is an elemental, dynamic force with a big pocket-book.

And our third joyous discovery last week was Caudle; yes, suh, Theron Lamar Caudle, the ousted head of the Justice Department's tax division, the man who formerly decided whether a tax violation should be prosecuted or not. Like Jumping Joe Ferguson you had to see Caudle to believe him and after that keep pinching yourself. But Theron is polls apart from Joe! Mr. Caudle is a "man of distinction"; he keeps posing in Bachrach attitudes. He is big and pink-gilled and wears handsome, dark double-breasted suits. He has a fruity Southern accent delivered in a deep voice, with the easy emotionalism of the trial lawyer. All Washington is trying to imitate his

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characteristic thespian affirmative, delivered in a voice at once so devout and ringing that, if he were taking an oath, a Bible would hardly be required: "Yes, suh; Ah do decla'e!"

Caudle strikes the working press as being complacently and triumphantly dumb, and probably honest according to his own lights. The awful thing is how a Caudle—who had never handled a tax case before—could get to the place he did. The answer is that he was named in 1947 by Attorney General Tom Clark, and that Truman, in turn, named Clark to the Supreme Court! The Truman-Clark-Gaudle chain seems to epitomize most of the things that are wrong with the Administration on domestic affairs.

The MacArthur-McCarthy team seems to be sagging a bit recently. Republicans are steering clear of McCarthy, giving him what has been politely described as the body-odor treatment. It begins to look as though the General, too, was not going to be the political asset to his side we had all hoped. In the current *Cosmopolitan* magazine, with a preface by MacArthur, General Willoughby finally tells "the truth about Korea." It seems that MacArthur was right all the time, according to his chief intelligence officer. The villains in the piece were the New York *Times*, *Time* and *Newsweek*, the AP and UP and ace correspondents like Bigart, Baldwin, Boyle and Alsop. The phrase in the Willoughby piece we liked most was this: "The Hearst papers and the Scripps-Howard chain have been invariably reliable and well-informed."

The current strike of 15,000 agents of the Prudential Insurance Company, in 35 states and the District of Columbia, is significant. An effort to organize in the 30's was defeated; the new drive is through the AFL Insurance Agents International Union. The middle-income group badly needs collective-security protection.

The Census Bureau reports that the top fifth of the US population gets 47 percent of the income before taxes; the second, 24 percent; the third, 17 percent; the fourth, 9 percent; the rest, 3 percent. To try to equalize this distribution is "socialism."

Washington T.R.B.

CORRESPONDENCE

(*Continued from page 2*)

the total membership is very simple. Like most student organizations, the SLID is not in a position to pay the expenses of members attending conventions and many chapters could not raise the funds necessary to send a delegate. This difficulty often besets similar groups. For instance, only 45 students could attend the SDA Convention. They represented about 20 chapters, less than half the total number.

The SLID is not an organization engaged in direct political action, as might be supposed from the article, which mentioned only its democratic socialist stand and a remark made by a seemingly disgruntled member about a split between Right and Left wings. The SLID is, as stated in its constitution, "a non-partisan educational organization which seeks to promote greater active participation on the part of American students in the resolution of present-day social problems. . . ."

I personally deplore the many splits and splinters among liberal youth groups. But I feel that there are some co-operative spirits among them who are eager to achieve closer ties and to work in conjunction with each other wherever possible. Unfortunately, there is not enough co-operation, a condition which weakens the groups and the general influence of liberal students. But the SLID, for instance, has promoted co-operation in various areas with SDA, CORE and the world federalist youth group. To ignore the co-operation that does exist is to neglect one of the most hopeful notes for a strong liberal movement in the nation's colleges and universities.

PAULA GOLDBERG
Student Secretary, LID
New York City

It Was the State College

● I should like to make a correction concerning a statement in the article "Techniques of Intimidation" (*NR*, Oct. 29).

It was not the University of Oregon but Oregon State College which dismissed faculty members for "support of the genetics theories of the Russian scientist Lysenko," in the sentence referring to dismissals from "three large state universities—Washington, Oregon and California. . . ."

Berkeley, Calif. JOHN H. SULLIVAN

In Defense of Simon

● Mr. Spitz's review of *Philosophy of Democratic Government*, by Yves Simon, (*NR*, Oct. 29) is not a competent piece of work. His bland assertion that Yves Simon knows only Aquinas, Aristotle as explained by St. Thomas, Suarez, Bellarmine, Maritain and a few others is insolent and nonsensical, though it is true that Simon finds greater depth in these thinkers, and closer resemblance to *The Federalist*, than in the Rousseaus, Voltaires, Paines, Holmeses and Russells, currently the idols of confused political theorizers.

Simon can see the deficiencies of these thinkers, as well as their insights, and since these deficiencies are not suspected by modern liberals, there is abundant confusion in political thought—confusion that has resulted in the cult of absolute freedom and the rejection of justice and virtue as primary objects of political action. Indeed, Spitz heartily mocks Simon's attempt to uphold the primacy of virtue —even after the Communist trials, and even after the Kefauver investigation.

Spitz is upset by Simon's defense of majority rule, pointing out what must be apparent to all, that majority rule is really minority rule; for not all can vote, and many who can, don't. And so, Simon's "naïve interpretation" will never do!

Finally, the title comes in for chastisement—it is pretentious! The book is *not* a philosophy of democratic government, but a Catholic commentary on some aspects of government. But why Catholic? Because Simon is Catholic? Because he quotes St. Thomas? Because he is not an atheist? Spitz does not say.

New York City GEORGE A. STREIKER

● I did not say Simon "knows only" Aquinas, etc.; I said he had "mastered" Aquinas and failed to give "serious" regard to secular writings.

I did not mock Simon's "attempt to uphold the primacy of virtue"; I argued that he had not adequately defined or upheld it.

I am disturbed by Simon's defense of majority rule, but only because majority rule can be and indeed has been more penetratingly defended.

I termed the book a Catholic commentary because it is in the Thomist tradition.

Columbus, Ohio DAVID SPITZ

Exchange Wanted

● Would any of your readers care to exchange back numbers of the *New Republic* for similar back numbers of the *New Statesman and Nation*? If so, would he or she please write to me at 9 Riversdale Road, Romford, Essex, England.

Romford, England RONALD A. KEELING

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VOLUME 125, NUMBER 24, ISSUE 1932, WASHINGTON, D. C., DECEMBER 10, 1951 **New Republic**

THE DEMOCRATS—CANCER AND CURE?

PRESIDENT TRUMAN is said to be wrestling with one of the major decisions of his career on the sands of Key West. His own relation to the Presidential election of 1952 is only a part of his problem. The big question is how to face and overcome the undermining of the basic functions of government which is going on.

Thus far the President has reacted to the developing scandals concerning his Administration with a strong show of personal indignation and by the firing of various underlings. If he has any serious thought of dismissing the responsible officials in charge of the agencies which have come under suspicion, no word of it has reached Washington. But the independent voters who, in recent months, have turned in large numbers from being Truman supporters into shocked critics of the Administration will not be satisfied by the removal of a White House stenographer, a clownishly inept Assistant Attorney General, and 30 odd Internal Revenue employees. What of Treasury Secretary John Snyder, whose duty it was to supervise the Bureau of Internal Revenue? What of Attorney General J. Howard McGrath and former Attorney General, now Supreme Court Justice, Tom Clark, who selected the obviously incompetent T. Lamar Caudle to head, successively, the two most important sections of the Department of Justice—the Criminal and the Tax Divisions? Are they to be allowed to perpetrate other such costly failures of judgment? And what about the President's personal military aide, Gen. Harry Vaughan? Will the paralysis of will which has always dominated the President when it comes to dealing with old friends continue to protect the man who, perhaps more than any other, has set the style for low moral standards in the Truman Administration?

It is difficult to imagine President Truman's taking the drastic step of shaking up his whole cabinet at this stage—replacing McGrath and Snyder and Vaughan and overhauling such independent offices as the Federal Power and Federal Communications Commissions, where dry rot has set in heavily in recent years. The new Democratic National Chairman, Frank McKinney, declares to all who will listen that his mission is to inaugurate a new era of clean politics, but he has not revealed what "fantastic" new political weapons he has devised for the purpose. If his weapons prove to be somewhat less than fantastic, as Washington cynics expect, and if the President remains in character so far as loyalty and stubbornness are concerned, the Democrats appear to face dark days ahead whoever the Republican candidate for 1952 may be.

Under these circumstances, it is understandable that the name of Estes Kefauver comes with increasing frequency to the lips of the top Democrats. The crime-buster from Tennessee who became a familiar visitor to America's living rooms last spring would seem a heaven-sent answer to Republican cries of "corruption"—*if* Harry Truman chooses not to run. Kefauver has lately given the green light to friends eager to forward his Presidential cause for months past but restrained by the Senator from doing so. At least until the major uncertainties created by the secrecy of President Truman and General Eisenhower about their plans are dispelled, Estes Kefauver is going to be up for consideration.

The triumph of Rudolph Halley in last month's New York election is evidence enough of the underlying popularity Senator Kefauver would have to capitalize on, although the record of Kefauver's 12 years in the House and Senate and his views on subjects other than crime are largely unknown outside of Tennessee. Should Kefauver wind up as the Democratic candidate in this strange election year, the Democrats would have a good deal to which to point with pride. Kefauver's role in Congress has been that of a border-state progressive whose position on almost all foreign and domestic issues has been equivalent to that of the liberal wing of the Roosevelt and Truman parties. On civil rights, with the exception of the FEPC issue, he has been at odds with the majority of Southerners, voting for abolition of the poll-tax, anti-lynching law and revision of the cloture rule in the Senate to block filibusters. Organized labor in Tennessee rates Kefauver a reliable friend. Small businessmen have been the backbone of his support. Regional development on the TVA pattern is a major enthusiasm. His Senate associates rate Kefauver high for intelligence and integrity. Independent Liberals rate him superior in courage for standing, with only nine other Democrats, in support of the vetoing of the McCarran Act. Estes Kefauver could be what the Democratic Party needs to direct its rehabilitation.

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THE WEEK

CHURCHILL UP FRONT

The productivity of West European conferences is approaching a new low. Statesmen gathered in major European cities have stood pat through grueling gab-fests. No one will gamble. In Paris the Big Four deputies are holding onto their chips in the disarmament roulette. In Strassburg, the Council of Europe has worse luck than ever in throwing the dice to the liking of all. In Rome, the ministers of the Atlantic Council got nowhere in trying to shape up a common investment pool for European armament. And in London, Churchill played crafty variety of honeymoon bridge; setting up the cards for the big game he will play in Washington next month.

The biggest over-all losers in the fruitless talks were General Eisenhower and his twin vehicles—Western rearmament and European unity. Both have been in low gear for some time. In Rome, Strassburg and London they slowed down almost to a stop. Uncle Sam, in the driver's seat, was obstructed at every turn by the bulky form of Winston Churchill, uncomfortable in the back seat. At the NATO meetings he refused to let the British army become just another cog in a European armed force. In the Council of Europe, he flatly turned down all federation proposals, and, with more truculence than Labour ever displayed, refused even to participate in such "functional" operations as the Schuman Plan and the new European Agricultural Authority. And from London he let it be known that he had not served as First Lord of the Admiralty to preside now over the Atlantic integration of the British navy.

In doing all this, he disillusioned many Europeans who had hoped that the sponsor of the 1940 federation proposal with France and prime-mover in the Strassburg conferences would unite Britain's fortunes more closely with those of the continent. But mixed with their disappointment is admiration for the manner in which he's standing up to Uncle Sam, against whom they all have unsatisfied claims. There probably is not a diplomat in Europe who in a year has said "No" to the Americans as many times as Churchill has in a week. They are consoling themselves with the thought that Churchill will have a very strong trading hand when he goes to Washington. There he will have to ask for economic assistance, and anything Britain gets will also come to the rest in pretty close proportion.

In Washington, Churchill and Truman will horse-trade on a global scale. Truman will seek to solve NATO'S problems, the most pressing of which is the big and obvious gap between its military and economic planners. He will stress that the European army and hoped-for political unity depend on at least symbolic British co-operation. Unified defense of the Atlantic lanes will also await Britain's assent. On all these issues Churchill can—and we trust, is prepared to—make significant concessions. What he wants obviously is to have a leading voice in running the whole show. The question for Truman will be: Is the driver's seat big enough for two.

A JUNKER SAYS HIS PIECE

Gen. Charles Willoughby, General MacArthur's haughty intelligence director whose cosmic mind once ignored a half million Chinese soldiers bearing down on the UN front lines in Korea, is a man not easily daunted by criticism. Relieved of official responsibility, Willoughby has at long last exposed who our real enemies were in Korea: all of the American reporters and journals who questioned the competence of the MacArthur-Willoughby team as a result of the winter, 1950, debacle. Now Willoughby tells the nation, through the medium of Hearst's *Cosmopolitan* magazine, that the real architects of defeat were writers like Joseph Alsop and Homer Bigart who spread "calculated defeatism" and experts like Hanson Baldwin who applied "destructive psychological warfare" against our side.

In a tone similar to that traditionally employed by misunderstood Junkers, Willoughby deplored "the ragpickers of modern literature" who have developed the "peculiar American characteristic" of criticizing their betters. Surprisingly, Willoughby cast magazines like *Time* and the *US News*, which have editorially embraced MacArthurism, into the same category with the more skeptically analytical "New York *Herald Tribune* crowd." But few segments of American journalism escaped the General's dullish rapier. Only the Hearst and Scripps-Howard papers were praised for their "reliable and well-informed" coverage, although the New York *Times*' equivocating editorial output was favorably mentioned in the same breath.

"BIG SHOT" DEVIATIONISM

The dramatic fall of Rudolf Slansky, the once all-powerful Czech Communist Party Secretary, remains clothed in contradiction. The Communists issued only a terse announcement of his imprisonment and dismissal as vice-premier, and then launched into a spirited criticism of the tractor stations in the Bodejovice and Olomouc regions. The official announcement that the veteran Stalinist, whose authoritative history of the Czech Communist Party had been issued only two weeks earlier, was a spy was obviously not to be taken at face value. But experts on both sides of the Iron Curtain seemed very unsure about what could safely or reasonably be read into the case.

Among the more baffled observers was the State Department, whose spokesman made the pithy but vague remark that the latest purge illustrated once again "the joys of living under the Soviet millennium." In fact, Slansky's dismissal contradicts the officially popular theory that the Russians are wholly absorbed in fighting the "national Communism" heresy. For Slansky was always an unquestioning Stalinist. Unlike Wladislaw Gomulka, the former Polish

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premier, and Vladimir Clementis, former Czech foreign minister—the two major satellite figures suspected of leading an incipient Titoist movement—Slansky was a party strong-man who owed his training and his high position entirely to Moscow. What had his crime been?

The most frequent guess is that Slansky was held responsible for inadequacies in the Czech economy and poor morale in the Communist Party. Slansky was the type who had to have his finger in everything. Excessive zeal like his is usually corrected by moving the offender back a notch, which was done in September when Slansky's party-secretaryship was abolished. But apparently Slansky had become too swelled-up to perform in a second-rate post. To the Kremlin's realistic managers, this constitutes a deviation as serious as any in the ideological realm.

FREEDOM TO PHONE

Harry W. Truitt Jr., a dentist in New Kensington, Pa., was known to be sympathetic to the Local 65 pickets who were demonstrating against the Eagle Clothing Company's outlet in his community. On March 18, therefore, when Police Captain John Bordonaro wanted to find some pickets who had engaged in a street fight, he knocked on Harry Truitt's door. Although not invited in, he entered and proceeded to the Truitt telephone. Dr. Truitt did not wish Bordonaro to use his phone, and for a while the two wrestled with the instrument. Bordonaro won, but suffered a slight wrist injury in the course of the battle.

For this wrist injury, Truitt and three others were arrested on a charge of aggravated assault and battery. During the course of their trial in Westmoreland County Court the jurors learned that Dr. Truitt had associated with such organizations as the Progressive Party and the International Workers Order. Also considered relevant to the charge of aggravated assault and battery was the information brought forth by the Assistant District Attorney's questioning—that though Truit was white, he frequently entertained Negroes in his home. Truitt was sentenced to four years in the workhouse—a sentence which the Pennsylvania Supreme Court has agreed to review.

REHASH FOR TAFT

Under a heavy fire of charges and countercharges, the Senate Subcommittee on Privileges and Elections has been conducting hearings to determine just how scurrilous and defamatory were the 1950 Ohio elections in which Sen. Robert A. Taft, the Presidential aspirant, defeated Democratic opponent State Auditor Joseph T. Ferguson.

Aside from the vastness of sums admittedly spent and the charges of even larger expenditures, the most startling revelation was nothing new: the power of the American press, through the age-old process of completion and deletion, to create the type of public reaction it desires.

Supplied with a 62-page statement and some 82 exhibits, both later supplemented, Taft inferred that his opposition was a "Communist plot" in which he "guessed" some two million dollars were spent by the Ohio Democrats and his labor-union opponents. Most of the money was "coerced" from the workers, he told the committee. This was the front-page headline which was spread over the nation.

The answers to these charges, and some pretty substantial ones of their own, made by Ferguson, Jacob Clayman, secretary-treasurer of the Ohio CIO, and Philip Hannah, secretary-treasurer of the Ohio AFL, did not appear to be news to the papers. Ferguson, who as an auditor supposedly understands figures, said that "known expenditures" for Taft totaled $3,107,509 and probably exceeded the five million mark. The latter figure, he said, would include some $1,200 million spent on institutional advertising by large corporations, both in and out of the state. That the AFL and CIO campaign to defeat him had "a peculiar Communist undertone" was the strongest of Taft's many charges. This earned him one of his few committee rebukes, from Sen. Margaret Chase Smith (R, Me.), who probably was not unmindful of the McCarthy nature of the accusation.

Little doubt was left that strong legislation is needed to, at least, restrict "purchased" elections. The committee is expected to draft a number of Federal Corrupt Practices amendments, including over-all spending limits, requiring reports from contributors as well as candidates and hold each candidate accountable for the type of campaign conducted.

SNYDER'S BELGIAN RELIEF

The Department of the Treasury continues to seize every opportunity to block real international co-operation on the economic level. The Treasury's crusade against the European Payments Union and its policy of stabilizing intra-European trade excesses and deficits is being carried on in the name of the Belgians, whose large EPU credits threaten to drain their neighbors of their slim dollar-and-gold holdings. Operating under a *laissez-faire* deflationary policy which gives it one of the highest unemployment ratios in Europe, Belgium has been selling scarce steel and other products to Europe, while seeking imports to a large extent in the dollar area. As a result, the other European countries find themselves unable to pay their debts to Belgium—a situation which the EPU is seeking to correct by asking Belgium to limit her dollar imports and make her markets more readily available to her European debtors.

The Treasury, however, wants to keep Belgium in the state of *laissez-faire* grace which it has achieved. Opposed to the EPU from the beginning, the Treasury is backing the Belgians in their attempt to maintain their favorable monetary situation at the expense of their neighbors. Most far-sighted American experts agree with the EPU position that the economic well-being of all of Western Europe is too important to sacrifice for the benefit of one country or the theoretical free-trade predilections of Treasury officials, and John Snyder has, in fact, been over-ruled in the higher councils of the US Government. This, however, does not deter him from pressing his viewpoint at crucial international meetings, a fact which contributes significantly to the confusion in US foreign-economic policy which has in turn been a drag on the whole Western defense effort.

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Outside America

TROUBLE IN FRENCH AFRICA

The French scarcely needed the warning of Britain's Lord Strabolgi that "the tremendous revolt which has swept across Asia and now into Egypt will also soon give the French plenty of trouble in Africa. It is going to spread across all Moslem North Africa and into French West Africa." The warning is unnecessary, because the tense of the Labor Peer's verbs is wrong; revolt and trouble are not of tomorrow, but of today. And one of the effects is a change of perspective toward the yesterdays of French-British relations in the highly competitive field of what used to be known as colonialism, or even imperialism.

The bitterness against the British, which was stirred up in the spirits of French colonialists by Britain's part in the expulsion of France from Syria and the Lebanon during and after the war, still rankles. It crops up in connection with all Big-Power discussions of Middle-East and Mediterranean policy, and becomes particularly strong about Britain's plans for Africa, notably in Libya. (See Outside America, *NR*, Oct. 1.)

But more recent events have tended to change the attitude of all French nationalists except a small minority of die-hards, mostly in General de Gaulle's Rally of the French People and even farther toward the Right. Neither do they any longer gloat over the typically Gallic formula that the Pan-Arabic dream of Lawrence of Arabia has become a nightmare, for it has become theirs too.

Two-thirds of the Arab-speaking population of the world lives in North Africa, only about one-third in the Asiatic Near East; and with Indo-China's fate still undecided, despite General de Lattre de Tassigny, the "French MacArthur," Algiers, Morocco and Tunis remain the last bulwark of the French Union. If that Union more closely resembled the British Commonwealth, the effort to keep it intact might be easier—though certainly by no means easy.

One of the difficulties is that, though the French have undoubtedly brought great and valuable improvements to Algiers (which is technically part of "Metropolitan France") and to Tunis and Morocco (which are "protectorates"), their mentality and its expression in political conduct have remained essentially colonialist. The political, social and economic reforms which should have accompanied technical modernization have been doled out so slowly, in such small doses, and with so little compromise with the potential liberal forces of local nationalism that it may be too late now to avoid a choice between supporting a French MacArthurism and giving full rein to a fanatical, even hysterical theocratic feudalism.

Although French anxieties have been reinforced by the British debacle in Iran and its consequences, they did not start in recent months. The general leaders of the cold Holy War have long worked toward the day when the French possessions in North Africa would become independent and join the Arab League. And the French bitterness against the British, now tapering off, rested on the conviction that it was Anthony Eden's statement at the Mansion House on May 31, 1941, "We no longer oppose the creation of an Arab League," that transformed Azzam Pasha, at one time an obscure mystic of Pan-Arab union, into the powerful secretary-general of the League.

Probably the most dangerous of the leaders is Hadj Amin el Hussein, the former Grand Mufti, and head of the Moslem Brothers, whose activities are once more "legal" in Egypt, thanks to King Farouk. But the great friend of Adolf Hitler is a great enemy of Britain, rather than France. And the French have their own particular enemies to contend with among the leaders of the *Djehad al bah'rid*.

In Tunis, there is Habib Bourguiba, head of the independence party, Neo-Destour. He was interned by the French at the beginning of the war, then transferred to Fort Saint Nicolas in Marseilles, from which the Germans released him. "One never refuses freedom, even when the Germans give it," he says in answer to accusations of collaboration with the Nazis. He recently toured England and the United States, but Cairo is his real headquarters; and though he spoke a moderate language in London and New York, he is expected to go along with the extremists of Pan-Islamism.

In Morocco, there is Si Allail el Fassi. Educated in the purest Islamic religious tradition at the Karaouyine Mosque in the holy city of Fez, he is both the political head of the independence party, Istiqlal, and the mystic prophet of the liberation of the Moroccan people. He was exiled to Tangiers by the government of the Tunisian protectorate, but he was given a great deal of assistance by the Spanish authorities to go through Madrid to Cairo.

There he is in direct contact with Azzam Pasha and with Abd el Krim, the man who defeated the Spaniards in the Riff, who is now the spiritual head of the Islamic coalition. Abd el Krim was beaten by the French when he undertook to conquer their part of the Riff, and deported by them to Reunion Island in 1926. Twenty-one years later, in 1947, the French Government granted him permission to live in France, but at Port Said the Egyptians helped him to escape.

In Algiers, there is Messali Hadj, often called the Rasputin of the Algerian revolution. He too was condemned by the French, exiled to Gabon, then freed. He is "El Zaïm," a sort of führer of the Algerian independence movement, a man with the beard of a prophet and the wild eyes of a fanatic, before whose house outside Algiers thousands of Arabs stretch themselves prone on the ground every Sunday.

All these men, and others like them, are hoping for full American support for the French "old deal" in Africa, for they know that every democratic string the Americans attach to help to the French will tend to pull them away from the goal of their fanatical, reactionary modern version of the Ottoman Empire.

Paris PERCY WINNER

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HAROLD L. ICKES: *Paging J. Howard McGrath*

NEWSPAPER writers, who are willing to pay in anticipation, or upon receipt, of news tips from public officials, are wont to refer to an informant as "forthright." This is high pay. Certainly, it is no compliment to be referred to as "static," to say nothing of "regressive." When Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, Tom C. Clark, was stuffing cotton into the shoes of his predecessor so as to fill them as best he might, there were times when he was flatteringly referred to as "forthright" or "able," although neither adjective was ever documented. However, the best that can be said of his successor, J. Howard McGrath, is that he has been content to be completely static, if indeed the adjective "regressive" does not more accurately describe his public performances.

Documentation is available to prove this allegation but the limitations of space are such that it will be devoted to the manhandling of offshore oil, not only by the Department of Justice, but by Interior. On June 23, 1947, the Supreme Court held that the state of California had never had any right or title to the oil lands fortuitously lying off of its coast. Therefore, it had no legal right to grant leases to those lands.

This was almost five years ago. In the meantime, with the assent of Justice and Interior, the squatting companies, to which the state of California gratuitously granted valuable rights that were not its to grant, have been ceaselessly extracting liquid gold. Precisely the same situation exists with respect to the offshore oil lands of Louisiana and Texas as to which the Supreme Court declared the same law that it had applied to California. Tom C. Clark continued to be Attorney General until, amazingly, by means of an escalator violently thrown into reverse, he had the distinction of becoming the least qualified member ever to sit on the Supreme Court to continue the undistinguished career that he had established as Attorney General. He was succeeded in his earlier office, which was well beyond his competence, by an equally assiduous lightweight politician, J. Howard McGrath, an unwanted political child of the state of Rhode Island.

A cynicism current in Washington is to the effect that Tom C. Clark, rubbing his astonished eyes when he found himself on the Supreme Court, continues to dominate the Department of Justice. For this, there is a reason, if not a valid excuse. The ever-ambitious McGrath is eager to possess a higher office. Therefore, he avoids making any more enemies. He docilely follows the course charted by Clark. The United States may be the owner of millions, or even billions, of dollars' worth of property, but who are Clark or McGrath to be meticulous with those who, as trespassers, have continued every day to appropriate that wealth? Working in close co-operation with these "defenders" of the public interest, have been former Secretary of the Interior, "snug-bug-under-a-rug" Krug, and his successor, the incumbent, Oscar L. Chapman, the unconscious flatterer, by imitation, of his predecessor, the all-time famous stratospheric administrator.

As to Justice and Interior, it has been a case of "Alphonse and Gaston." Neither would be so impolite as even to murmur "Stop thief!" at the trespassing oil companies, let alone demand that they empty their bulging pockets of public loot. With few notable exceptions, the press has had little to say, critically, on the subject of purloined oil or the oil companies which advertise so lavishly at the expense of the Treasury. However, it can become shrilly indignant at the penny-snatching crooks who levy a tribute upon our taxes. This is Justice with a cataract on each eye!

More than brotherly camaraderie exists between the oil interests, the Department of Justice and the Department of the Interior. Here we have a moving illustration of "All For One," the "One," of course, being the oil interests. If Tom C. Clark, thanks to able assistants, inadvertently won the California case, he at least could make amends for his unwelcome victory. He could join in a stipulation with the Secretary of the Interior (Krug) and the Attorney General of California to permit the Land Office of California, without any legal justification, to extend existing leases or to grant new ones. Even the Supreme Court has seen fit to ignore this open flouting and contempt of its decrees.

And what Clark as Attorney General and Krug as Secretary of the Interior, together with the Attorney General of California could blatantly do, listless McGrath as Attorney General, indecisive Chapman as Secretary of the Interior, and the Attorney General of California could flatteringly imitate. The result is that California is being encouraged to continue its defiant trespassing upon federal property, not only by the studied indifference of the Supreme Court, but by the illegal acts and violation of sound administrative principles by Justice and Interior.

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This has been one of the slickest political operations in history. There has been nothing to equal it within the memory of the longest-lived of the present generation. First, Clark lost the case for the California oil interests, but his associates inadvertently won it for the people. Mr. Clark originated in the state of Texas where he is said to have been a lobbyist at Austin for those same interests. Moreover, another gentleman in Washington from Texas in the person of Mastin G. White has been in a position to be of service to the oil interests that control the politics of his state. White had been Solicitor of the Department of Agriculture, but on his return from the war, he discovered a new secretary who was quite willing to sell him to the Department of the Interior.

As Solicitor of the latter after the California decision, White discovered that the Federal Mineral Leasing Act, the only statute relating to the leasing of public oil lands, did not apply to offshore oil lands, although they also were public lands. In short, the federal government might own valuable property as to which, according to White, it could not exercise a normal right of ownership. It was analogous to a field of ripening corn upon which the owner might not even erect a scarecrow. Secretary Krug swooped down from the air with enough time to spare to sign the White opinion which then went to Mr. White's fellow Texan, Tom C. Clark, who cautiously did not adopt it as his own in ringing terms but contented himself merely with indicating his approval. The result was that those who had filed for offshore leases under the only applicable law on the books had the torn shreds of their applications thrown in their faces while the trespassers continued to trespass.

Meanwhile, neither Justice nor Interior made any *bona fide* effort to obtain the passage of a law that would give their government the right to control and use its own property, despite the fact that White, with his little sling shot, had brought to earth to the cheers of the oil interests of his own and other states the only such right that existed. Meanwhile, also, Oscar L. Chapman became Secretary of the Interior, vice J. A. Krug, who had resigned to the satisfaction of President Truman. Both before and after his induction into office, Chapman told many people that he would promptly overrule the Krug-White opinion. He had not believed that it was the law and, as Undersecretary, he had refused to initial it on its way to the desk of the Secretary. For a time, applicants under the Federal Leasing Act continued to hope but, in the end, they were forced to conclude that this was only another promise *de convenance*. Month after month answered to the roll call and year succeeded year until recently Chapman was advised that under the new War Powers the government could take over these offshore oil lands and exercise dominion over them. At long last, a way, although a tortuous one, was found for Interior to possess itself of these valuable properties belonging to the government.

But time was of the essence. And so was a bold move to forestall the "Stop thief!" shrieks of the trespassers. No occasion, this, to shout from the housetops that the government had found a way to repossess itself of its property and that it proposed to do so. This was a situation that, if the interests of the people were to be served, called for bold and prompt action as Chapman was advised. A forewarned oil mob, such a mob as Grover Cleveland had once vigorously denounced, could not be expected to refrain from clubbing to death, or at least kidnaping, the little foundling that had been discovered one morning on the doorstep of Interior.

Unfortunately for the country, Secretary Chapman is not the kind of man to take bold and imaginative action, even although his reason is persuaded that no other course will serve. He consulted President Truman who told him "to go ahead." This ought to have satisfied any administrative officer. But not Chapman. He wanted Presidential sanction, plus. He wished to be fortified with an opinion from that reactionary Cave of Adullam, which was once the liberal domain of Attorney General Francis Biddle. Scarcely pausing to digest the question, that "forthright" and resourceful department opined that, even if the procedure proposed by Chapman might be legally proper, it would not be politically wise. During a brief colloquy on the subject, the searching eyes of Attorney General McGrath never ceased to peer in the direction of the Supreme Court in the hope that he might perceive a vacancy or the prospect of one.

Secretary Chapman needed to confer with Sen. Joseph R. O'Mahoney (D, Wyo.) whose political freedom of action has been more and more circumscribed by the discoveries of additional oil in Wyoming. He had to consult at length with the general counsel of one of the principal oil trespassers in California. Of course, "in the strictest confidence," he had to confide in Tom and Dick and Harry. Miraculously, in the best Arthur Krock tradition, the California newspapers carried the story of Chapman's carefully guarded secret, the denouement of which would excite the admiration of all who like boldness and imagination in their leaders.

To paraphrase Victor Hugo: "Oscar Chapman . . . mighty somnambulist of a vanished dream."

HAROLD L. ICKES

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A TEACHER AND A RUMOR-MONGER

by Josephine Beland and Jean Begeman

ON SEPTEMBER 2, Jimmy Tarantino, a small-time radio news commentator and publisher of *Hollywood Life*, broadcast over San Francisco station KYA:

> Attention the superintendent of schools and the mayor of San Lorenzo: . . . A person by the name of Fern Bruner . . . B-R-U-N-E-R . . . who has been reported many times to be a Communist, or a Communist sympathizer, is currently the Dean of Girls at the San Lorenzo Public High School. . . . Fern Bruner was a leader in the phony "World Federalists" organization. . . . Who put her in that job? . . . The mayor of San Lorenzo should check her Commie background . . . if my information is correct, *and I think it is*, Fern Bruner should be fired.

On September 9, Tarantino expanded his charges:

> Attention California Teachers' Association. . . . Last Sunday, I reported that Fern Bruner . . . should be dismissed. . . . My reports are based on reliable information, checked over many times, and not on rumors. . . . In 1950 there was a public mass meeting demanding Fern Bruner's dismissal. . . . She resigned early this year. . . . There is a letter of evidence that proves that Fern Bruner praised Red Chinese leader General Mao to Benicia school children. . . . I want a full-scale investigation. . . .

Immediately following these broadcasts, the office of the school superintendent was deluged with calls from Tarantino listeners demanding that Miss Bruner be fired. But Supt. O. B. Paulsen asked the California Teachers' Association's Ethics Commission to make a "full-scale investigation."

The CTA's Ethics Commission, founded in 1948, represents all of the teachers in the California public schools. Its two-fold purpose is to protect teachers against false and misleading charges and to help rid the teaching profession of persons proved to be guilty of charges actually related to their work.

The CTA first interviewed Tarantino who admitted that he had not checked his information with any authorities. The organization then made tape recordings of interviews with students, teachers, newspaper editors and numerous other Benicia citizens and summarized the testimony in terms of Tarantino's "facts."

The charge: that Miss Bruner had been "reported many times to be a Communist." *The facts*: the CTA found that she had been a member of the Benicia Interracial Group, a discussion group that included prominent civic leaders. The only evidence obtainable was found in the school-board minutes (June 13, 1950) where Mrs. Olivia O'Grady asked, "I would like to know if the Board is going to continue to employ Miss Fern Bruner who believes in, and has taught, this Communistic World Federalist scheme." (She denied that she ever charged Miss Bruner with having been a Communist.)

The charge: that Miss Bruner led "the phony UWF . . ." *The facts*: the CTA called on the former chief of police, now a security officer at the Benicia US Army Arsenal, to check the records of the FBI; other checks were made through persons who attended a UWF mass meeting in Benicia. "The worst charge any of these officials made," the CTA found, "was that the organization was more idealistic than realistic."

The charge: that "there was a public mass meeting demanding Fern Bruner's dismissal." *The facts*: the CTA investigation revealed that Mrs. O'Grady organized a public meeting in May of last year to protest the UWF program in general. The meeting was not held to demand the dismissal of Miss Bruner, and no such action was taken.

The charge: that "there is a letter of evidence that Fern Bruner praised Red Chinese leader General Mao to Benicia school children." *The facts*: the CTA found that the so-called "letter" was a quotation from Paul Hoffman's book, *Peace Can Be Won*, excerpts of which Miss Bruner read to her World History class.

There were other misstatements of facts in Tarantino's broadcasts. Miss Bruner is not "dean of the girls" but is a social-studies teacher; she did not "resign" early this year, but was offered a fifth contract which she refused. The CTA said, "If this investigation had been requested prior to broadcasting of rumors which Tarantino called 'facts,' extensive harm to Miss Bruner's professional reputation and damage to the prestige of the teaching profession would have been avoided."

Miss Bruner, who is still teaching, has served Tarantino, who is still spreading rumors, with the preliminary papers of a libel suit. On Oct. 28, Nov. 4 and Nov. 11, he broadcast that the investigation was a "whitewash" and promised a probe of the Commission by the State Un-American Activities Committee. There are those who would like the next investigation to be of Tarantino and the station which permits him to broadcast—a case for the Federal Communications Commission.

Josephine Beland, a graduate of the University of California, is with the California State Department of Employment. She was a first-hand observer of the controversy over Miss Bruner's loyalty.

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THE TAX THIEVES OF 1951

V. The Cadillac and the Collector

by J. Malcolm Barter

SINCE the days of the depression, the bald, bantam figure of Denis W. Delaney has been as familiar in Massachusetts as his fine tenor voice. "Denny" Delaney first ran the state army of the unemployed as director of the old WPA. Then he collected dimes for the National Infantile Paralysis Foundation. And finally, until President Truman fired him last July, he was gathering in $2 billion a year in income taxes from 2.5 million Bay State taxpayers as Collector of Internal Revenue in Boston. Right now he is awaiting trial on charges of accepting $12,500 in bribes to influence his decisions on tax cases and falsifying tax certificates involving $180,498 in tax liens. Witnesses before the King Subcommittee investigating the Internal Revenue Bureau in Washington have woven the name of Delaney into a strange story of new Cadillacs and Chevrolets for only $750, Kentucky Derby winners that ran the wrong year, fees split with an old friend for proper Washington introductions, a free summer cottage from a night-club owner in tax trouble and the writing off of nearly $500,000 in Uncle Sam's legal hold over tax defaulters.

Delaney was born 55 years ago in the textile-mill city of Lawrence, Mass., the son of a master mechanic who had a degree from Trinity College, Dublin. Young Delaney left college to enlist in World War I, came home from France with a hero's record in combat, continued his studies, set up a contracting business and got elected to the school committee. The bank failure of 1933 ruined the Delaney Construction Company and cleaned him out. He started working for the government as a common laborer with a pick and shovel on a relief project. He soon dropped the pick, however, and advanced to foreman, then to county supervisor, acting director and in 1939 to director of the Works Progress Administration for all Massachusetts.

His connections were good. Rep. Thomas J. Lane (D) of Lawrence was a relative. Rep. John W. McCormack of South Boston, the House Majority Leader and patronage king in Massachusetts, smiled favorably on him. David K. Niles, also of Boston and a former Presidential advisor, likewise had a good word for Delaney. His record looked clean. So in 1944, President Franklin D. Roosevelt appointed him Collector of Internal Revenue for Massachusetts at a salary of $10,000 a year. President Truman renewed the appointment in 1948.

There had been two complaints of larceny against Delaney, plus a probation record and a bankruptcy petition back in the dark days of the depression. But there were extenuating circumstances; many contractors had been in similar difficulties with subcontractors, insurance companies and creditors. Delaney never mentioned the charges when he was investigated prior to his appointment as Collector.

If anybody knew of the past, nobody held it against Delaney. Besides, he was popular throughout the state. He was an Elk, a member of the Ancient Order of Hibernians and a Legionnaire. He could always be rung in as an after-dinner speaker at a banquet and could usually be cajoled into singing a tenor solo with encore. He sat at the head table when the Clover Club, Boston's equivalent of Washington's Gridiron Club, met for political wit, song and badinage. He also worked actively for such charitable causes as the March of Dimes and the Charity Fund sponsored by Archbishop Richard J. Cushing of the Catholic Archdiocese of Boston. Shortly before he lost his job as Collector, Delaney was honored for his eminence as a Catholic layman by nomination as a Knight of Malta by Pope Pius XII.

This summer was not the first time Delaney had found himself in hot water. In 1948, a Congressional committee visiting his office to look for ways of cutting the federal budget made charges of "gross inefficiencies." There was the matter of $1,911 in change from the March of Dimes which turned up in a file cabinet in the office, also checks drawn on the March of Dimes to pay for a champagne cocktail party. Then there were office memoranda which led to accusations that Delaney had violated the Hatch and Pendleton Acts by requiring members of his staff to make contributions to the Jefferson Day dinner in Boston where Robert F. Hannegan, ex-Postmaster General and Democratic National Committee chairman, was the principal speaker. Then there was another little matter of 80,000 tax returns which were missing from the Boston office.

Delaney and his friends in the National Infantile Paralysis Foundation treated the exposal of the stray dimes as an insult. The verdict of the US Attorney in Boston (now a federal judge) who took over the investigation at the request of then Attorney General

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Tom Clark (now a Supreme Court justice) was not guilty, merely negligent. McCormack called the whole affair a Republican smear and added that "the hearings have shown Collector Delaney to be a fine public-spirited citizen who has made a great Collector."

All went well at Delaney's office, at least on the surface, until this May. Then Brig. Gen. John B. Dunlap, now the new Internal Revenue Commissioner, made a visit to Boston to check on some 3,000 tax defaulters. Shortly thereafter (June 27) Delaney was suspended from his post. On July 16, President Truman fired him.

In August, a grand jury of 19 men and four women got busy. A month later it charged Denis W. Delaney with accepting $10,000 in bribes from Daniel Friedman, tax consultant of the Estate Research Bureau in New York, and $2,500 in bribes from his own nephew, William J. Delaney, another tax consultant who had his private offices in the same building where the uncle ran the Internal Revenue office until recently.

The federal indictment also charged Delaney with certifying that tax liens in the Essex County Registry of Deeds against a concern and three persons, totalling $180,498, had been discharged by full payment of back taxes when "he knew well that this was not true."

Delaney pleaded not guilty to both indictments and was released on bail of $2,500 which was furnished by Daniel D. O'Dea, Lowell auto dealer and delegate to the Democratic National Convention in 1940.

A month after Delaney was arraigned on the indictment and pleaded his innocence, the House Ways and Means Subcommittee began the Boston part of its investigation into the scandal-ridden Internal Revenue Bureau. The Committee heard:

Of Delaney being able to purchase for only $750 a new Cadillac and two new Chevrolets from two Malden auto firms in tax difficulties.

Of field supervisors telling Delaney he could not and should not discharge tax liens. Delaney's answer: "Mind your own business, I'm the collector."

There was even testimony that Delaney declared on his own 1949 income-tax return that he had outside earnings of $4,000 as a "construction engineer."

A Treasury agent told of finding an item of $2,500 on Delaney's return for winning a bet on the horse Assault in the 1948 Kentucky Derby. Assault, however, won the 1946 Derby. Citation was the 1948 winner.

James A. Donovan of Lawrence, chairman of the Massachusetts Parole Board, said he paid $1,000 in fees to Delaney in 1946 just to be introduced to the "right people" in Washington about a license for a new radio station.

Donovan also testified that Delaney was rewarded with the use of a summer cottage at Seabrook, N. H., rent-free, in consideration of having a $15,000 cabaret tax wiped off the books against Francis Dennis Mulcahy, night-club proprietor and concessionaire.

Thomas Scanlon, superviser of accounts and collections, said he warned Delaney in 1949 what he faced if he discharged tax liens illegally. "I found Delaney with his feet up on the desk and contentedly smoking a cigar," Scanlon testified. "Delaney was not the least bit upset until I informed him that he could lose his $100,000 bond, his automobile, his home and all his assets unless he obeyed the law in regard to the discharge of liens. Then his feet came down off the desk with a bang, and he said, 'I didn't know anything about all that'."

Martin P. Higgins, chief field deputy for the Internal Revenue Bureau in Massachusetts, told of Delaney's discharging nearly $500,000 in tax liens on his own, against the advice of his assistants and often unknown to them. Higgins named the Hollywood Furs, Inc., of Boston, $60,000; the Merker Counter Company of Haverhill, $135,000; the Massachusetts Steel Treating Company of Worcester, $108,000; the Brown Counter Company of Haverhill, $114,000; and Associated Amusement Company of Boston, an undisclosed amount.

Further testimony linked Delaney with Hugh Finnegan and his brother James P., former Collector of Internal Revenue in St. Louis. Read into the record of the King Subcommittee was a letter from Delaney to Matthew J. Connally, President Truman's secretary, suggesting that Connally "see what could be done" for Frank Kraemer, Hartford Internal Revenue Collector, who was on trial for illegal political activities. "After all, he's one of the boys," the letter said. "He shouldn't be penalized for doing what comes naturally."

Attorney General J. Howard McGrath and C. Keefe Hurley, a former Assistant US Attorney serving Delaney as counsel, have both protested that the publicity given the King hearings has infringed upon Delaney's right to a fair impartial trial. But federal Judge Charles E. Wyzanski Jr., has indicated that the trial will be held early this month. Conviction carries fines up to $67,000, 27 years' imprisonment or both. Delaney has remained a recluse with his wife and daughter in his home in a Boston suburb. He is reduced, friends say, to driving one Chevrolet.

A new collector, Roger M. Foley, a career man, has been named to Delaney's post. Though many contend that Delaney would not have known of the tax difficulties of so many people without tips being fed him by persons on his own staff, the new Collector Foley says there will be "no changes" in the Boston office.

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WINTER BOOK NUMBER

NOTES ON THE LITERARY STOCK EXCHANGE

by Malcolm Cowley

FOR A LONG time I have been following the rise and fall of reputations on what might be called the literary stock exchange. There are market quotations on the work of every prominent author and they change from year to year, even from week to week. With a mixture of curiosity and skepticism I have watched the common stock of some authors climb steeply from a few dollars per share to the equivalent of five hundred or more. Other stocks come crashing down from five hundred to zero, until trading is halted and the authors' names are removed from the Big Board—and all this without any change in the authors themselves or in the permanent value of their works.

These market quotations for an author are by no means the same as the sales figures of his latest books. We might take the example of André Gide, whose work has never been popular in this country. Although most of his books have been translated into English, there are only two of them—*Lafcadio's Adventures* and *The Counterfeiters*—that have been read widely enough to make money for their American publisher. Nevertheless, Gide is a recognized value and his stock has always stood high on the literary bourse.

Or we might take the opposite example of Erskine Caldwell, whose novels are reprinted in paper covers and sold on the newsstands. One of them, *God's Little Acre*, has had a sale of six million copies, possibly the largest for any novel ever written. *Gone with the Wind*, by the late Margaret Mitchell, used to hold the American sales record with about four million copies. It still holds the record for dollar volume of sales, since it was never priced by the publisher at less than $1.49 per copy; Caldwell's books are sold for a quarter each. On the other hand, *Gone with the Wind* was the work of a one-book author, whereas Caldwell has written 22 novels, reportorial books and collections of short stories, with a combined sale of more than 30 million copies in this country. Except for Joseph Stalin, whose books are read for other reasons, he is the most widely distributed author of modern times.

But he isn't much read by American critics. The effect of his enormous popular success has been to cheapen the price of his literary stock, which is now selling at what I should judge to be something less than its actual or book value. Caldwell, after all, has invented several characters and has set them talking in a new fashion. Some day the critics may rediscover his early stories, which are very good ones, as if they had set out with a band of explorers to find the Grand Central Station. In their wanderings they may even discover Margaret Mitchell, whose novel has what the new critics will be certain to call a mythopoeic value—that is, if they ever penetrate the mists of its popularity to find the book itself. *Gone with the Wind* has had better luck abroad. It has been the subject of long critical discussions in France, Germany, Denmark, Japan and a dozen other countries, but it has never even been listed on the American exchange.

Just what do I mean by the literary stock exchange if it isn't the same as the popular marketplace for books and yet can be equally mistaken about real values?

It might be defined as the process of bargaining among critics and would-be critics that determines the standing of prominent authors in any given month or year. There are bulls and bears in the market; there are pools, tipsters, speculators, long-term investors and specialized traders; there are even planned campaigns in various literary stocks. Finally a balance is reached between short selling and buying for the rise, and that balance serves as a market quotation on the author's work.

The quotation doesn't answer the question how many copies the author's next book will sell, because the public doesn't listen very attentively to critical opinions. On the other hand, it helps to determine which authors will be discussed in the literary journals—and in how much space—which authors will be required or recommended reading in courses on modern literature, and which authors will be studied and imitated by the new generation of writers. Publishers look at the market quotations too. Sometimes when a manuscript is being considered for publication a senior editor will say, "We're sure to lose money on it," and a junior editor will answer, "Perhaps a little money, but we ought to regard it as a prestige item." What the junior editor means is that the author of the manuscript, although lacking in sales appeal, has a high standing on the stock exchange.

Sometimes—by no means always—today's market quotations determine which authors will be best-sellers in five or ten years or even longer. T. S. Eliot had enjoyed a high critical reputation for thirty years and had won the Nobel Prize before one of his books—*The Cocktail Party*—appeared for the first time on a best-seller list. Yet if we are looking for indications of an author's permanent value, his standing on the stock exchange is no more to be trusted than are his sales reports. His quotations on the Big Board go up and down, sometimes in a most erratic fashion, and yet his works are no better or worse than they were on the day of publication.

As one example take the recent flurry in Scott Fitzgerald. Ten years after his death there was a revival of interest in the 1920s and in Fitzgerald himself as

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the tragic hero of a period that was suddenly invested with romance. Two books about him became runaway best sellers, to the stupefaction of their authors. On the Big Board there was a new market for Fitzgerald stock. It attracted speculators, had a dizzy rise and by the late spring of 1951 it was being bought and sold at something that would appear to be more than its par value.

But it does have a par value, even a high one; that is one of the chief lessons to be drawn from the Fitzgerald story. Every author who rises above mediocrity and manages to speak for himself, instead of speaking as he likes to think that other people would like to think of him speaking—every author, that is, who really exists for us—has a value in himself that operates as a sort of norm. If his reputation rises above the norm—that is, if his stock goes much above par on the literary exchange—then it is certain to fall again. If its fall brings it much below par, it is almost certain to rise.

There is even a law of compensation in these matters: the steeper the rise, the dizzier will be the fall. The longer and more completely an author is neglected, the greater his eventual fame is likely to be—that is, if he belongs to the small band of genuine authors. For Herman Melville the period of complete neglect lasted sixty years. He was rediscovered in 1921 and since that year almost the whole critical profession has been making amends to his ghost. Not only is Melville discussed as the equal of Hawthorne and Emerson; even his feeblest works, like *The Confidence Man*, are set above their strongest ones and he is praised day after day as the greatest American author of all time.

On the other hand, a few years of being ridiculously overvalued may plunge an author into a long period of neglect. Something like that happened to James Branch Cabell, largely as a result of the hullabaloo over *Jurgen* when the novel was first published in 1919, then suppressed and finally reissued. Its reappearance was such a victory over the censors that many critics began talking about the author as if Shakespeare—or Melville—had appeared in Publishers' Row. It was in 1921 that Vernon Louis Parrington wrote a long essay on "The Incomparable Mr. Cabell" and ended it by saying:

> Mr. Cabell is creating great literature. A self-reliant intellectual, rich in the spoils of all literatures, one of the great masters of English prose, the supreme comic spirit thus far granted us, he stands apart from the throng of lesser American novelists, as Mark Twain stood apart, individual and incomparable.

Mr. Cabell still writes books, but scarcely anyone reads them and the author isn't praised or attacked; he is hardly mentioned. Although he has suffered from changing fashions, I suspect that he has suffered more from his admirers. His real but rather slender talent couldn't stand the strain of his being called a master of English prose and the supreme comic spirit thus far granted us.

Instead of dealing at length with other reputations, I might write a sort of market letter, one that reported on the course of literary values during the first two weeks of November, 1951. It would run something like this:

"The market has been active this month, with many stocks selling off, but with the public coming in to buy selected fictions, some of which registered advances ranging from fractions to eight or ten points.

"There was brisk trading in the Lost Generation group of novelists. Faulkner common showed mixed tendencies, on account of conflicting reports as to the value of the firm's new product, but the issue gained strength in the last hour of trading on Saturday and closed at 309⅜, an advance of seven points since the first of the month. Fitzgerald was steadier at 22 points below the high that was reached in the runaway market last spring. Hemingway suffered a loss of 6½ points, said to be the result of short selling, but showed strength at the close. With an extra dividend promised for next year, investors should take note of this standard issue, now thought to be undervalued. Thornton Wilder was low but firm and there were signs of quiet accumulation by insiders. Thomas Wolfe Industries continued a creeping recession.

"Among issues that used to be market leaders back in Coolidge days, Willa Cather was in some demand and Edith Wharton moved up four points and a fraction. Buyers proved apathetic to Theodore Dreiser offerings. Sherwood Anderson has been inactive at a depressed level since what has become known as the Trilling Killing, when bears of the Lionel Trilling-Irving Howe syndicate made their famous raid against this formerly gilt-edged stock and forced it down more than 50 points in a single trading session.

"Prospects in the international field continued to be blurred, with the result that most buyers refrained from active participation. Rumors that the franc was about to be devalued led to a weakening of French equities, although Gide and Proust held firm. Sartre, a newcomer in the field, was flabby at the close and seems to be suffering from the effects of overproduction. Among Central European issues Kafka had a drop of 18 points for the period, when specialists tried to realize their paper profits. The public showed no interest in offerings by Kafka's American subsidiaries.

"Apparently the Conservative victory in the recent election had little effect on the price of British equities, except that Winston Churchill was up five points. Older firms such as the Joseph Conrad Navigation Company and the Matthew Arnold Lecture Bureau continued to show strength. After a long period of inactivity Robert Louis Stevenson reappeared on the ticker and made fractional gains. Bernard Shaw, Inc., reached a new high for the postwar years when the death of the president and founder of the company called attention to its essentially sound position. There was a flow of venture capital into some promising new equities, including Joyce Cary, Henry Green and Ivy Compton-Burnett.

"Because of uncertainties about the immediate future, some investment trusts were transferring their funds into long-term, low-yield bonds of established market leaders. Shakespeare (up two points), Sophocles and Dante all showed strength in active trading. Milton rose fractionally on reports that the powerful T. S. Eliot interests, which for

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years had taken a short position in this stock, had shifted to the other side of the market. Operations of the Great Book syndicate caused a fluttering demand for Plato and Aristotle.

"Among the American classics Melville continued to be the most active and once again ended the period with a net gain, but for the first time there was indication of short selling. Market insiders were saying that the Melville backers had become overextended and that a reaction was certain to follow. Although there was little trading in Longfellow, rumors spread that the company was being reorganized and was planning a sales campaign. Whittier was still snowbound. Henry James was down three points and a fraction after the recent flurry. Emerson was solid with not much activity; we believe that the issue still offers a sterling opportunity to investors.

"The new poetry remains obscure, with not much public participation. An underlying tendency in the fiction market is the continuing slow decline of all novelists specializing in social protest and in optimistic pictures of the future. Symbolism is popular, nightmares are riding high and there is a brisk demand for original sin."

The Pleasures of Cultivation

by Irving Howe

It is 27 years since E. M. Forster published *A Passage to India*, yet no one has since appeared to challenge his position as the best living novelist in England. Almost anything he writes is of lively interest, particularly since he is one of those English literary men who do not share the American novelist's fear of the cultivated mind. *Two Cheers for Democracy* is a collection of Forster's essays, a few political but most literary, written during the past 15 years; and in them one immediately recognizes his traits of excellence: an utter freedom from stuffiness, an enviable assurance in dealing with the English literary tradition, a readiness to converse with the reader on terms of intellectual equality, and a shy humility—that famous minor tone—which is immensely pleasing and, in this assertive age, frequently moving.

TWO CHEERS FOR DEMOCRACY, by E. M. Forster (Harcourt, Brace; $4).

"I belong," writes Forster, "to the fag-end of Victorian liberalism." A disarming admission, perhaps too disarming; for by granting so much in advance he undercuts the possibility of debate, which he commends in principle but does not seem really to like. The virtues he defends in his political essays—"tolerance, good temper and sympathy"—must always be worth defending but, as Forster himself admits, they are "no longer enough." What would be enough he does not say. Occasionally he subverts his own liberalism by a display of impatience with abstract ideas, an unwillingness to think hard about political problems when he speaks on political subjects. "I hate the idea of causes," he remarks a little priggishly, and does not consider that his freedom to hate may depend on other people committing themselves to causes. "If I had to choose between betraying my country and betraying my friend," he continues, "I hope I should have the guts to betray my country." No doubt; but what if the friend had already betrayed the country?

It is questions such as these that our time poses, and Forster skirts them rather cavalierly. Too relaxed and indulgent, his political essays are little more than civilized patter, neither rising to the rigor of thought nor sinking to the power of emotion. The *idea* of emotion, so important in his novels, is present ("there are unexplored forces in the human heart"), but it figures as little more than an instance of the platitude of statement.

The literary essays are another matter. They too may seem excessively casual and light-fingered—what we now call, with bland smugness, "impressionistic" criticism. But here we meet an artist on his home ground, an artist with a delicate gift for reaching the heart of a literary matter. One thinks immediately of Virginia Woolf's *Common Reader*, and the comparison is useful. Like Mrs. Woolf, Forster arrives at his judgments not through formal statement but quiet evocation; relies more on the drifts of taste than the drives of theory; and tries to make the critical act itself, sometimes in mimicry of its subject, a miniature work of art. Mrs. Woolf is more elaborate and studied than Forster: she builds her essays as compositions; he spins his as conversations. But in one respect they are alike: both assume that they are writing for persons of cultivated taste if not of specialized knowledge—that is, they assume a public with whom the critic can establish, in Mrs. Woolf's words, "that ease and fellowship and sense of common values which makes for intimacy . . . and the quick give and take of familiar intercourse."

Familiar intercourse is what most American criticism lacks, and I would guess that if *Two Cheers for Democracy* did not bear Forster's signature it would be roughly handled in the literary magazines. Forster feels obliged to entertain; the solemn exegesis in which we specialize can hardly do that. Forster is urbane; we are either pugnaciously provincial or uneasily cosmopolitan. Forster is at home with the English past; American critics talk about tradition. Forster writes charmingly, knows it and enjoys knowing it; American critics suspect charm, partly from an inclination to discount graces that are lacking and partly because the very word raises for us an image of genteel lit'ry folk, *Saturday Reviewers* clucking over a new lady novelist who is just like "dear Jane," or Christopher Morley skittering about Conrad, or one's high-school English teacher adoring Agnes Repplier.

I do not mean to say that the advantages are all with Forster's kind of criticism. Careful study and detailed analysis you will not find in his book. Sometimes his manner hardens into a formula, a kind of facile self-imitation, and you get such chit-chat as his remark about Gibbon, "Yes! poor Edward was excessively plain." Or a rehash of stale items about Proust: the cork-lined bedroom and deathbed dictation. Or a pronouncement as obtuse as this one: "Tolstoy's outlook was agricultural; he

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never realized the implications of the machine." This, one supposes, is the sort of thing the stern English critic F. R. Leavis has in mind when he cries out against "Bloomsbury."

But at his best Forster paints lovely vignettes in which he manages to get at the central literary insight without exposing us to the preliminary drudging. In a four-page essay on Bishop Jebb, an obscure ecclesiast whose notebook he has inherited, Forster illuminates a strand of the English tradition. An equally brief essay on William Arnold, Matthew's brother, provides a touching glimpse of a minor writer who went to India a century ago and suffered a disillusion anticipating Forster's own. A fine longer study of John Skelton is drenched with the flavor of that quarrelsome churchman and witty poet. And quite the best literary essay is Forster's portrait of George Crabbe, a superb appreciation of a neglected poet.

It would be idle to urge American critics to write like Forster; the results of such imitation could only be ludicrous. But if we must suffer the faults of our virtues, Forster's graceful essays should at least show us what we lack and thereby stir some needed dissatisfaction. Forster as a critic is finally a sort of dilettante—and how significant it is that for us this is entirely a term of contempt. In a culture less overbearing than our own it might, however, signify such desirable attitudes as a refusal to specialize and an acceptance of the amateur's feeling that art is designed for pleasure.

Forster the dilettante is a man one should enjoy talking to, quietly, in a comfortable room. I say this with some hesitation, for it seems so naïve and unfashionable, so downright nineteenth-century; but I think that if you reflect for a moment you will agree that it is one of the most important things that can be said about a critic, and one of the rarest.

Irving Howe is the author of the Sherwood Anderson volume in the American Men of Letters series and is now working on a study of William Faulkner.

The Necessity of Virtue

by Katherine Hoskins

It is a commonplace that painting precedes literature in revolutions of esthetic emphasis. And it may have been a waiting on the plastic arts that has prevented us from noticing that, for a very long time, our literature has emphasized their more recent innovations. But now that we can recognize the perceptions of a Marin, say, as our own, perhaps it will be easier to see what our finest writers have been up to.

Our literature rears itself rarely, but to impressive heights. Smiling down on us above the fields of nineteenth-century fiction, we have *The Scarlet Letter*, *Moby Dick*, *Huckleberry Finn*, *The Red Badge of Courage*. Although the peaks of other national literatures have been discovered to possess certain homogeneous qualities that can be aligned for the inheritors, ours are so few and so diverse that we have been content, on the whole, to believe that they have only their greatness in common. Yet, as we think of these works, it becomes clear that they are all in a tradition of personal integrity, of "bearing witness," of modesty and the democracy of souls. They are not even citizens who engage the River, but a slave and a boy. It is the commonest of soldiers, the Youth, who endures the War. Hester Prynne and Arthur Dimmesdale have but their delicate selves to stead them in their struggle with the great double net of a lay and a priestly State. It is not his power as a shipmaster but as a human soul that enables Ahab to drive the *Pequod* on the Search. Each of these books is concerned with individual man in relation to the Impersonal, the universe—man weak in body but indestructible in spirit. In treatment as in subject, two qualities commonly polar are in these works inextricably joined: we grant that they are abstract and subjective.

We may take it as no accident that this is the concern and these the outstanding qualities of Puritanism. For much as we mock, revile, reverse it in licentiousness and try in other ways to pluck it from our bosom, we remain a Puritan nation. Puritanism's continuing strength rests on the fact that it was not merely brought here like so much furniture, but that it also developed on its own account as the most truthful and efficient response to the terror and mystery of the continent. And free of the Miltonic baroque, intellectual and flexible far beyond what might have been predicted from Bunyan, in quiet revolution our great writers have so cultivated the Puritan qualities as to make of them virtues now necessary to us all.

Unplanned, instinctive though it may have been, the revolt was very real. For "the great tradition" on which we have been raised—the anthropocentric delights of the English masters as well as the more catholic luxuries of the continent—is based on the relation of man to other men, with the great subsidiary themes of romantic love and money. It is objective and materialistic and constitutes a powerful seduction by which our lesser writers have been thoroughly demoralized. We can see this very well by comparing that marvelous full-dress parade of nineteenth-century Russia, *War and Peace*, with even the best of our historical or family novels. To create a mural of history in the style of the great tradition, our writers have had to erect façades of paralyzing unwieldiness when they haven't had to resort to downright lying. For no *preux chevaliers* have coursed our battlefields to sweeten dying by their memory. We know little and care less about regiments with century-old traditions, splendid uniforms or romantic names. In our national consciousness, war is lackluster and civilian, politics smells of the courthouse rather than the Court, family is something to grow out of. Only in the genre picture or miniature can our writers truthfully evoke sweet, tragic trumpetings of war, dignity of statesmen, or a family that is vital and not cute. And in the best of these, as Allen Tate's *The Fathers*, the action soon reverts to an individual response to impersonal forces. In *War and Peace*, Prince André on the battlefield provides a refreshing moment of purity and human nakedness in the

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panorama of people, events, traditions. We can surmise how, in the hands of an American Tolstoy, that moment would have centered the book, while Bolkonskys, Generals and Czar would have been peripheral and important only as fleshed figments of the Prince's struggle. More surely we can see how, inheritor of centuries of people living in one place and on top of one another, Dickens creates characters, while Faulkner, reading his own inheritance aright, creates environments.

Always excepting the small canvas, wherein we have done work comparable with the best anywhere, in no category of "the great tradition" do we seem to have distinguished ourselves. The European novel of manners is based on a wide and solid foundation, while we, as a country, have no manners and don't believe in them. Thus Jane Austen wrote of her populous class in every small town of England; Edith Wharton of a tiny segment of New York, Philadelphia, Charleston and Boston. In the field of realism, the monolithic sincerity of Dreiser or the frailer honesty of Anderson are impressive in proportion as we forget Flaubert. We have more than our share of problem and informational novelists, perhaps because it is the weakness of the moralist that, finding so little worthy of God, he tends grossly to overpay Caesar; but we have no *Ann Veronica*, no *Jude the Obscure*. We have vulgar and easy novelists; but we have no light literature, no Colette, no Pamela Frankau. After all, how many Americans could hold that "painting is for the delectation of the eye"?

The Europeans seem rich indeed, with all of history, all of the material goods and ills of this world, to draw from. They are particularly happy in their conviction that people can really talk together and understand one another. Unless with God, the Puritan does not hold with conversation and Americans are monologists to a man. After Europe, the individual soul seems lonely and meager, the Impersonal very bleak. Spiritually unequal to the extreme demands their rendering imposes upon the artist, no wonder such honorable writers as Howells, Edith Wharton, Lewis, Dos Passos have tried to prove that a great tradition is great anywhere. But as with those painters who thought to cope with the bronze austerities of our Southwest from the Impressionist palette of misty France, the genius of their country remained implacable and other. And it is worth noticing that with these writers, even, their most memorable characters—Silas Lapham, Ethan Frome, George F. Babbitt, J. Ward Morehouse — approach the abstract through the typical.

It is not that the abstract writer has by any means abandoned character, the very material of fiction; he uses it, however, to illumine rather than to flatter his readers. It is felt *light* he offers rather than felt *life*. We seldom meet any of his personages on the street or at a cocktail party (to some a cause in itself for admiration and relief), for the objective details have been so abstracted that the characters present planes of being superimposed, interlocked. While crotchets of personality are lessened, the wonder of existence is enhanced. Queequeg is an element of ourselves, a cone of dark and sweetness emergent through the quartzlike flaws and angles of the original or a later Ishmael. It is because his characters are not "real" in terms of superficial credibility but in terms of "the cube, the cylinder and the cone" that we can proceed with equanimity into the cold regions of Robert Penn Warren's recent attack on romantics and romanticism.

Even when relieved of their religious flavor, as by now they must largely be, our two terms are subject to dire associations. Subjective, we say—soft and narcissistic. Abstract—and many of us shiver as at a sudden chill, so readily do we conceive of warmth as emanating only from the herd, so desperately do we cling to the comfort of objects apprehended in banality. Or, abstract we say, with pictures in mind—non-representational, incomprehensible. Yet Picasso's *Blue Boy* is abstract as compared with Gainsborough's. In the Picasso, clothes, class, education and idiosyncrasies have been so abstracted as to leave the essence of *boy*—simple, unpretentious, powerful—while about him falls the subjective light of the painter's contemplation. Certainly this new Blue Boy is not narcissistic, nor cold nor yet incomprehensible. Neither is Huckleberry Finn. We did not have outrageously to distort ourselves in order to enjoy Hemingway's early mode of "primitive" cubism. No extreme difficulties attend our admiration for Faulkner's *Light in August*, luminous in planes of horror and serenity, nor for the more flowing lucidities of *Intruder in the Dust*.

Lone Monadnocks, peculiar to our climate, it looks at the moment as though our abstractionists were going to get some company and things may be livelier, with a resultant increase in our range. This company, this help arrives out of the cataclysm of Europe. Fading since 1914, the trumpets there are silent and war has become civilian; the Bolkonskys are scattered over the earth; that fine old house which was the hallmark of the English novel is too expensive to keep up. Money, class, romantic love and subtleties of personality are luxury items, half-forgotten in the present poverty, and conversation is not of much avail. Stripped of this world, European man holds onto his soul and faces the Impersonal as best he can. Before she died, Virginia Woolf relinquished Impressionism (described by Klee as "the matted undergrowth of everyday life") and in *Between the Acts* produced an abstraction on her mind's furniture. Gide's last and finest work, *Theseus*, is an essay with figures. These writers are of the old order and we can regret the failure of material goods that once served them so well. But for those young enough to have only their *dis*illusions to lose, it is another story and we can welcome in Albert Camus' *The Plague* an example of our own and great tradition.

Crabbed and mean in mediocre hands, noble in gifted, filled with the essence of Puritanism, this tradition should continue for a long time to provide us with interpretations and responses for what mystery and terror, for what wonders we may encounter.

Katherine Hoskins has published a volume of poems and contributes poetry and criticism to the Hudson, Partisan and Sewanee reviews.

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Art Books for Christmas

by Lincoln Kirstein

WITH THE great expansion of art-book publishing, one commercial practice is being established. Responding to an insistent popular demand for color, most publishers (including such European firms as Skira in large volumes on Italian and modern painting) are satisfied to use kodachrome both as basic copy and for final checking of plates, although far more accurate reproductions can be had by painful checking with originals in widely scattered collections. A new fillip is to print on highly glazed stock (as in Abrams' *Degas*), coating every plate with lacquer, no matter what the true surface, from matte opaque tempera to expressionist impasto. Those watchful of quality in color printing are fewer than those aware of tonal accuracy in musical recordings, yet parallel principles are involved. It is always better to buy decent black-and-white jobs, saving ultimate satisfaction in color for museum or wall.

GENERAL AND REFERENCE

ARREST AND MOVEMENT, by H. A. Groenewegen Frankfort; 146 illustrations in half-tone, 47 in black and white (University of Chicago Press; $7.50).

The extreme difficulty in comprehending the original intention of Egyptian, Babylonian, Cretan painters and sculptors in treatment of walls and free-standing figures is largely overcome in this deeply interesting book. Mrs. Frankfort has written an inspired example of humane archeology; she not only knows her subject from excavation and study, but in relation to other arts and epochs. In this orderly presentation, the puzzles of spatial handling, formal rendering and historical or hieratic narrative are as never before smoothly and comprehensively resolved. Whole provinces of pleasure will be revealed to the careful reader who cannot again assume that these early reliefs are set as haphazard stencils, mechanically cut. Well produced and illustrated.

THE SOCIAL HISTORY OF ART, by Arnold Hauser; 145 illustrations in half-tone (Knopf; 2 vols., $12.50).

These impressive volumes comprise the broadest general art history of the century. All aspects of the creative impulse in plastic art, with authoritative reference to poetry and film are brilliantly defined (and translated) with a hard, patiently corrective mind and eye. This bird's-eye view makes it possible for the first time to place world art in the triple perspective of quality, chronology and sociology. The three strands are braided with such skill, the organization of wide descent and arresting detail is so dramatic, that one is swept over difficult ground rapidly but surely. If one can buy only one art book this year, this should be the choice.

THE DADA PAINTERS AND POETS. Edited by Robert Motherwell; 147 illustrations (Wittenborn, Schultz; $15).

An incomparable collection of source materials, personal memoirs, prime examples and individual illustrations of an influential movement; to any serious library of art or literature it is essential, despite its necessarily rather high cost. It is paradoxical that Dada, dedicated to the ephemeral, the shock of immediate accident, should be the first among modern art philosophies to be so massively documented, so clearly expounded. Its energy and proliferating gayety make us seem wizened today. The publishers and editor, already responsible for the brilliant *Documents of Modern Art*, are to be congratulated on this generous public service. Bernard Karpel adds a masterly critical bibliography.

FRENCH PAINTING BETWEEN THE PAST AND THE PRESENT: Artists, Critics and Tradition (1840-70), by Joseph C. Sloane; 90 illustrations in collotype (Princeton University; $12.50).

One has long wished for an extended gloss on Baudelaire's great marginal criticism. In *L'Art Romantique, Curiosités Esthetiques* and his private *Journals*, we continually bump into names of forgotten artists, critics and art executives. His scorn was strong as his love was warm; his targets are now obscure. This luxuriously produced study shows us not only canonized favorites but the whole area over which the wars of classicism, romanticism and realism were fought by great poets and writers. Forgotten artists—Chasseriau, Regnault, Chenavard, Meissonier—take their important contemporary positions under the influence of ideas from Comte, Proudhon and Taine. This book is invaluable as a first chapter to the epic of Impressionism and Modern Art, as already recorded by John Rewald.

REVOLUTION AND TRADITION IN MODERN ART, by John I. H. Baur; 199 illustrations in half-tone (Harvard University Press; $6).

The energetic keeper of paintings at the Brooklyn Museum covers contemporary expression, including sculpture and graphics, for the Library of Congress Series in American Civilization. Essentially historical, the survey clarifies often bewildering lines of local action. Present fractional diversity is seen as strength or freedom; qualitative judgments are rarely sharp, representing the collective, permissive (and even patriotic) opinions of Mr. Baur's professional colleagues. They may be found to err in accepting certain declarations of achievement at face-value (Stieglitz, Hartley, Marin). All important figures and many unimportant names are indexed; notable omissions, since Racz, Rattner, Matta are here, are the émigrés Pavel Tchelitchew, Eugene and Leonide Berman; the native sculptors, Arthur Lee and Reuben Nakian.

THE PAINTER'S EYE, by Maurice Grosser; 32 illustrations in half-tone (Rinehart; $3).

One of the best books on modern painting; the first time an able craftsman (artist as well as artisan) risks qualitative judgment instead of retiring behind historical categories. In a soothing, professional voice, Maurice Grosser makes a devastating diagnosis of loose standards and fierce activity in the contemporary academicism sponsored by museums and dealers. To that end he probes, delicately but deeply, the swollen structure of price, prestige, cliques, art education and individual pride. Professional problems of portraiture, likeness, photography, subject matter and paint surface are discussed with perspicacity and vision.

ABSTRACT PAINTING: Background and American Phase, by Thomas B. Hess; 12 illustrations in color, 94 in gravure (Viking; $7.50).

An extremely well-produced book with rarely excellent color, finely designed by Bradbury Thompson, plates fitting text *à la* Malraux. Original, enthusiastic, drawing on a wide historical background, Mr. Hess brings genuine sympathy to his subject. In intimate glimpses of key American abstract expressionists, he makes the best case yet attempted for a school that has pushed the means of covering plane surfaces so far that violent reactions are imminent. A half-century's inventory at high tide.

DICTIONARY OF THE ARTS, by Martin L. Wolf (Philosophical Library; $10).

An ingeniously comprehensive one-volume encyclopedia covering plastic and

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applied arts, dance, literature, archeology and mythology. Definitions are authoritative, concise, well phrased; derivations are often noted.

ART HAS MANY FACES: The Nature of Art Presented Visually, by Katherine Kuh; 271 illustrations in black and white, 7 in color (Harper; $6.50).

Designed by Gyorgy Kepes to take advantage of a large format, this well-printed book is an outgrowth of clever educational exhibits arranged at the Chicago Art Institute. The text is in compact captions, relating varieties of vision and manners of rendering them in form, color, space and line. A persuasive introduction for those who resist art because of the seeming confusion of styles and the baffling complexity in the chronological sequences of most big museums.

THE UNSOPHISTICATED ARTS. Drawn and described by Barbara Jones; 184 illustrations in color, line and photography (British Book Centre; $5.75).

The popular, folk or vernacular arts of Britain, carrousels to canal boats, tattooing and fireworks, charmingly presented in color and prose. Unfamiliar fields (funerals, waxworks, taxidermy) are treated with affectionate respect. The British counterpart to *The Index of American Design*; we find many ancestors of our own expression here.

LIFE'S PICTURE HISTORY OF WESTERN MAN, by the Editors of LIFE; 116 pages in color, 400 illustrations in black and white (Simon & Schuster; $10).

The lavish allowance of fascinating documentary source materials never compensates for *Life's* dragooning of the visual arts into a big advertiser's formula of capitalistic sociology and high-pressure personality, capsulated, sloganized. By angling context and straitjacketing intention, art is housebroken to the feature spread for weekly deadlines. Color is gross and badly printed, whether in brutalizing manuscripts or falsifying Venetian walls. An exception to most captioneering is Louis Kronenberger's piece on the eighteenth century, which respects its period. *Life's* art researchers are ingenious and capable; it is sad that they are robbed of their labors by some elder editor who must always play it for laughs or crop it into a column.

ASPECTS OF FORM. Edited by Lancelot Law Whyte; 71 illustrations in half-tone, many in text (Pellegrini & Cudahy; $6).

Visual form or pattern surveyed in a dozen essays by specialists in crystals, biology, physics, anatomy, psychiatry and art. The ancient debate between those who, from Democritus to Newton and Einstein, regard matter as a compost of atoms, and those who, like Aristotle, Aquinas and contemporary biologists, think in terms of form, unity and symmetry, here receives material to establish a new synthesis. The editor, a professional power-jet engineer, is a controversial figure in academic circles for his proposals of a "unitary" principle to make measured observation coherent. The shapes that matter takes have important reference to nature and function and, whatever the editor's personal philosophy, these essays are importantly suggestive stimulation for anyone interested in man-made form.

HORSE AND RIDER: Eight Centuries of Equestrian Painting. Introduction by Geoffrey Grigson; 64 plates in gravure, 2 in color (Thames & Hudson; $3).

A delightful, enthusiastic album, full of curious information and with a masterly brief introduction by the English poet and critic. Stubbs, perhaps the greatest of horse-painters, is slighted, the nineteenth century is unfortunately represented by some uninteresting German pictures (and where is Regnault's fine *General Prim?*), but the book is worth owning.

A CYCLE OF CATHAY: The Chinese Vogue in England During the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries, by William W. Appleton; 15 illustrations (Columbia University Press; $3).

An absorbing, well-arranged study covering the philosophies that contributed to the English version of *chinoiserie*, an early manifestation of the Romantic spirit, in fine arts, theatre and literature. It also provides the original historical basis for a persistent misconception of the "mysterious East" by Western minds, from about 1650 to our own day.

THE ART OF LETTERS: Lu Chi's "Wen Fu," A.D. 302. Translation and comparative study by E. R. Hughes; 2 illustrations in color; 7 in black and white (Pantheon Press, Bollingen Series XXIX; $4.50).

An early discourse on influential Oriental esthetics, comparable to *The Poetics* of Aristotle, that is primarily enlightening as over-all discussion of the intellectual climate in which most great Chinese poetry and painting have been accomplished. Specific attention is given to style and purpose in brush-painting, calligraphy, the ideogram and color. Well presented and, for a scholarly book, most readable.

HIGH VICTORIAN DESIGN: A Study of the Exhibits of 1851, by Nikolaus Pevsner; 151 illustrations in black and white (British Book Centre; $2.75).

A delicious summary of style and technique in objects of art and industry from the original Crystal Palace exhibition. The industrial revolution was in full swing, but handicraft still left its caress; florid ornament adorned useful objects. Guttapercha sideboards, papier-mâché easy-chairs vie with tufted steamship sofas which served as rafts if shipwrecked. There are glorious stationary engines in the Egyptian and Gothic manner. Well written and presented, without undue irony.

FRENCH CATHEDRALS, by Jean Bony; 196 photographs by Martin Hürlimann; descriptive notes by Peter Meyer (Houghton Mifflin; $7.50).

A splendid successor to Hürlimann's superb portfolio of the English Gothic of last year. Grand, untheatrical views of much of the greatest architecture in the West, showing nineteen of the most beautiful monuments, from bird's-eye view of site to significant detail. A model of what a good craftsman can make of a semi-popular art book on an important subject.

ROMANESQUE FRESCOES, by Edgar Waterman Anthony; 500 collotype plates (Princeton University Press; $25).

The first time that the principal walls painted in Western Europe, from Sicily to Scandinavia, from the first years of the Christian era to the start of the Gothic, have been put into one volume. Well reproduced from clear photographs, the gravity and splendor of Romanesque formal rendering are sharply recalled despite absence of color. The scholarly text is full and orderly; concise introductions to style and technique give all needed information. Relations to mosaic, manuscripts and ivories are integrated. English, Scandinavian and Spanish work, being unfamiliar, is doubly welcome.

INDIVIDUAL ARTISTS

PIERO DELLA FRANCESCA, by Kenneth Clark; 6 plates in color, 148 in gravure (Phaidon Press; $8.50).

This perfect book is possibly the most distinguished monograph of 1951. Sir Kenneth's beautiful passage linking Piero's color to the earth-tones of his countryside is in the exalted tradition of Ruskin, whose position at Oxford he holds. Superb photographs, large and in detail, were specially taken. One of the greatest artists can now be comprehended in something approaching his majesty by those who cannot visit his actual walls.

GUSTAVE COURBET, by Gerstle Mack; 60 illustrations (Knopf; $6).

Author of similar excellent studies of Cézanne and Lautrec, Mr. Mack makes a vivid book of Courbet's adventures in

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painting and politics, from the viewpoint of his contemporaries. His historical importance has never been so well placed; Mr. Mack is warmly critical but understands Courbet's odd, noble stubbornness, his grotesque silliness that achieves a clumsy greatness.

THE TWO LIVES OF JAMES JACKSON JARVES, by Francis Steegmuller; 23 illustrations (Yale University Press; $5).

An expert biography of the earliest and one of the most influential American art critics and executives. Jarves had a fascinating career, first in the Sandwich Islands, later in Europe and America as a pioneer collector of Italian art and a courageous connoisseur of contemporary work. Self-taught, Jarves made unhesitating and risky judgments on the quality of pictures and sculpture new to him with a sensitivity and foresight unparalleled today. Steegmuller, whose lively studies of Flaubert and Maupassant are much appreciated and whose masterly novel, *States of Grace*, is not appreciated nearly enough, has done justice to Jarves.

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS AN AMERICAN: BEN SHAHN. A biography with pictures, by Selden Rodman; 2 plates in color; 150 in black and white (Harper; $6.50).

A desirable record of the working background of an important American artist as he chooses to be seen by his contemporaries. It is a book capriciously organized and written in a tone that is unconsciously ingenuous about our most disingenuous mannerist. Shahn is a shrewd and skillful professional on every level, in every field, from photography and lithography to politics. The enthusiasm with which he has been accepted by private and public collections has left its mark on him in an increasingly esthetic or decorative interest, with slight dilution of his wit and grace.

JAMES ENSOR, by Libby Tannenbaum; 8 illustrations in color, 10 in black and white (Museum of Modern Art; $4).

A well-prepared and produced monograph on the Belgian painter whose work up to 1890 has interest. Of the generation of Lautrec and van Gogh, whom he survived by half a century, Ensor essayed the tricky field of ironic fantasy, frequently lapsing into thin, monotonous caricature, paying—as a provincial—the price for extreme if isolated expressionism. Ensor's early domestic scenes have charm; the characteristic masks and grotesques are less horrors than naïve or coarse arrangements. Bosch is invoked, but there is only the meanest memory of medieval transcendent authority in vision, paint surface or drawing.

SCULPTURE

ARCHAIC MARBLE SCULPTURES FROM THE ACROPOLIS: A Photographic Catalogue, by Humfry Payne and Gerard Mackworth-Young; 140 plates in half-tone (Morrow; $15).

This sober, well-arranged introduction to Greek carving by two directors of the British School in Athens is unmatched in print. Completeness in the photographic record, a text that re-examines chronology and style, the quality of these two humane minds focused on an epoch of immense significance to our own art make a powerful apparatus for valuation. Photographs were taken to simulate out-of-door light; the printing tends to gray them into an over-all middle-tone, but details of cut stone are clear and hard.

GREEK TERRA COTTAS, by T. B. L. Webster; 72 illustrations in gravure (Penguin; 95 cents).

The first book in English in half a century dealing with Greek figurines is one more example of the high quality of cheap art books which Penguin has pioneered. Except for the miniature but excellent format, this small-scaled, expert study is of the quality of an expensive specialist work. An extended introduction employs many plates to form a conspectus of the entire range of Greek sculpture, seen in miniature, an acute combination of esthetic analysis and historical criticism. Again we have the British to thank for keeping antiquity alive. Other recent King Penguins are monographs on the crown jewels in good color renderings, and maps of various parts of Britain.

DRAWINGS

AUDUBON'S ANIMALS. Compiled and edited by Alice Ford; 16 illustrations in color, 168 in half-tone (Studio-Crowell; $12.50).

The Quadrupeds of America, scarcely less beautiful in drawing or less dramatic in observation than the familiar birds, is for the first time available to the general public. The color plates are good, and fur suffers less from lack of color than brilliant plumage. Alert attitudes and nervous silhouettes of the beasts have an intense physicality. Well printed, carefully edited, with intelligent selections from the original captions.

ENGLISH DRAWINGS: Stuart and Georgian Periods in the Collection of His Majesty The King at Windsor Castle, by A. J. Oppé; 275 illustrations (Phaidon; $8.50).

The enormous collection of drawings at Windsor is being published serially in handsome large volumes containing delightful surprises. Native English work of this period is unfamiliar; much is beautiful; some artists extraordinarily interesting, among them George III and Lord Aylesford. Royal taste leaned heavily to the topographical and decorative, but many genre scenes are curious (notably Marcelus Laroon); there are fine portraits of Charles II and the Prince Regent. The editorial apparatus is exceptionally efficient, production excellent.

PAUL CEZANNE: Sketch Book. With an introduction by Carl O. Schniewind (Curt Valentin, for the Art Institute of Chicago; 2 vols., $12.50).

The distinguished curator of prints and drawings at the Chicago Art Institute enthusiastically introduces this recent acquisition to an important collection of master drawings. Inasmuch as Chicago already owns the famous sketchbooks by St. Aubin, Gericault and Lautrec, it seems greedy to claim from present evidence that Cézanne is "one of the greatest draughtsmen of all time." This interesting album does demonstrate Cézanne's analytical method, responsible for the almost Romanesque sturdiness of his formal rendering. But the master would have been shy to claim the absolute authority of the Renaissance silver-point or Chinese brushwork; of the pencils of Ingres or Degas. These adequately reproduced notes show something of his vigor—rugged, awkward, searching, rarely (in his own term) "achieved."

BAROQUE BOOK ILLUSTRATION, by Philip Hofer; 149 plates, 43 pages of text (Harvard University Press; $7.50).

While early periods of book illustration, from manuscripts through Renaissance woodcuts, and from the eighteenth century through Romanticism, are fully documented, it is odd that the seventeenth century has so far been almost boycotted for its heretofore presumed lack of "taste." The most gorgeous epoch of Western ostentation naturally found dazzling reflection in honorific editions, noble folios of art, science, theatre and portraiture. Much of the sparkle of technique is indicated in this beautiful outline, despite the need to reduce scale. Selection of plates is admirable; the quality of the work, breathtaking. There are few lovelier or more surprising books this season.

ART MAGAZINES

The best general American monthly remains the *Bulletin* of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, sent with a minimal subscription to the Museum. Its editors elicit expert opinion from staff members

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to annotate excellent plates; at the same time they illuminate facets of art far beyond the confines of one culture or collection. The *Art News* ($7) is a bright trade paper, covering too much, as it must, reflecting highest current prices, prestige and events. The *Magazine of Art* ($6), now reduced in size, has earnest, independent articles, rarely as alive or elegant as the *English Architectural Review* ($9), which, for fresh format, imaginative tone and sophisticated taste, is the best art journal printed. *Transformations* ($1.50) and *Portfolio* ($7.50), now annuals, are worth the cost. Neither makes discoveries, mainly reinforcing familiar figures or movements (Shahn, Pollock, Calder, semantics, children's paintings), but since our epoch is no longer advance-guard but firmly academic, at least these influential forces are awarded devoted exposition.

The Origins of Fanaticism

by James R. Newman

ITS THEME is scarcely original and its appraisal of the nature and causes of social change somewhat narrow, nevertheless Eric Hoffer's study of the morbid anatomy of mass movements is a remarkable essay. Hoffer is concerned with the diseases of faith; his report is that of a brilliant clinician. It would be incorrect to say that he is entirely unmoved by the disorders he describes or by the wretches and the wretchedness that produce them: his mordant wit is proof of sympathy and he is an austerely moral man, impatient alike of weakness, wickedness and humbug. Yet as sympathy does not palliate his judgment, moral conviction does not harden it. His light is clear, not moist. His detachment, as he records remorselessly the abominations of mass movements, the poisoning of the organism of society by frustration, loneliness, hatred and fear, the convulsive consequences of large-scale delirium, reminds one of da-Vinci sketching the distended veins, the straining muscles and tendons in his mother's arm as she lay dying.

THE TRUE BELIEVER, by Eric Hoffer (Harper; $2.50).

"If anything ail a man," said Thoreau, "so that he does not perform his functions, if he have a pain in his bowels even . . . he forthwith sets about reforming—the world." The true believer is more deeply troubled, his pain less easily cured than bellyache; it is of his kind that mass movements are made. Discontent and misery, says Hoffer, do not by themselves create a desire for change. The cake of custom is hard baked and not easily broken; the social mass has its own ponderous inertia. Slaves could be driven to build the pyramids or the Appian Way, but the leader who would drive men to "transform the nation or the world" must contrive an instrument more ingenious than the whip. He must know how to "kindle and fan an extravagant hope"; he must know the art of "religiofication," "turning practical purposes into holy causes." The mass must be made to feel omnipotent as well as defiant; its faith must become like that of the men described in Genesis who set out to build "a city and a tower whose top may reach unto heaven" and who believed that "nothing will be restrained from them which they have imagined to do."

Recruits are not hard to find. Hoffer devotes considerable space to the categories of potential converts. The "new" and the "non-creative" poor; misfits; adolescents; "those in the grip of some vice or obsession"; the impotent ("in body or mind"); the "inordinately selfish"; the "bored"; the "sinners": from these classes come the hordes of true believers. (Hoffer is a little old-fashioned in his descriptive titles, but this is deliberate; he says, as one soon learns, precisely what he means.) Their common trait is a sense of emptiness and frustration. "Give us this day our daily illusion" (to paraphrase Stresemann) is the cry of the embittered ripe for crusade. Without ties, with neither roots in the past nor a stake in the present, tormented by an unwanted, nagging self, they hunger for a cause that will give their lives meaning and direction, relieve them of the awful burden of individual responsibility, bind and submerge them in an exultant collective.

"A mass movement attracts and holds a following not because it can satisfy the desire for self-advancement, but because it can satisfy the passion for self-renunciation." Mass movements, we are reminded, are interchangeable. The transformation of social revolutionaries into militant nationalists, of Nazis into Communists, of Communists into Catholics, illustrates a simple principle of equivalence: all faiths are inspired by fear; all zealots despise one another, yet are brothers. Fervorlust is like wanderlust; the direction itself is unimportant; what matters is to keep going. Communal compactness, a sense of belonging to any social group, even membership in a well-knit family: each of these is an island of social order impeding the tidal sweep of a mass movement. Hoffer points out that Christianity itself, when it was making its first proselytes, recognized clearly the impediment of the family: "For I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law. And a man's foes shall be they of his own household."

Hoffer deals mainly with what he calls the "active phase" of mass movements. This phase is prepared by "accidents" and pioneered by intellectuals, "men of words." When their work is done

> The best lack all conviction, while the worst
> Are full of passionate intensity.
> Surely some revelation is at hand,
> Surely the Second Coming is at hand.

The active phase is ruled by a leader, best qualified if he is fanatic, a holy terror, of demonic self-confidence, with a "capacity for passionate hatred" and for "winning and holding" loyalty. When this dynamic period is ended, "practical men of action" take over. The spirit of frenzied eye-rolling is supplanted by the cold-blooded determination to perpetuate power, to establish order, to possess rather than renovate. It is time now to put out the bonfires into which the faithful have been throwing themselves as well as the furniture. The man of action, knowing that even

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the zeal born of hatred in time sates itself, sets up a more stable system by "drill and coercion."

He finds the assertion that all men are cowards less debatable than that all men are fools, and, in the words of Sir John Maynard, "inclines to found the new order on the necks of the people rather than in their hearts." How long the new dispensation can be maintained depends on the eclecticism, the skill and, most of all, on the ruthlessness of its masters. It is not fashionable to say so, and our huge expenditures on such enterprises as the Voice of America, in effect bidding the oppressed of the countries we dislike (not the oppressed in *all* countries) to kick their oppressors in the pants, are predicated on the opposite conviction; yet the fact which history seems to confirm is that the mass of men flee freedom, not tyranny, that absolutism wanes with exhaustion, not dissension, that a leader is in greatest danger when he indulges in the weakness of reform.

All mass movements in their active phase are bad. The rare leader—a Lincoln, a Gandhi, or "even F.D.R."—with faith in humanity may "harness men's hungers and fears to weld a following" that will sweep forward toward beneficent ends. But the mass of men, Hoffer believes, cannot be stirred to fervor and united for action and self-sacrifice, whatever the object, without appeal to the basest instincts. The fuel of the movement is the traits every rational ethic condemns, every progressive society strives to eradicate: hatred, suspicion, vanity, cruelty, rootlessness, credulity. A mass movement depends on inculcating and cultivating in vast numbers of men the "proclivities and responses indigenous to the frustrated mind." Therein lies its supreme evil.

I remarked at the outset of this review that Hoffer's theme is not original. It is true of course that he has been much influenced by the writings of Montaigne, Pascal, Machiavelli, de Tocqueville and Renan, among others; Trotter and Freud must also have reinforced his views. The modern psychologists, however, are not mentioned, and one of the happiest features of this estimable book is its freedom from the jargon of the mental sciences. It is exhilarating to come across a writer who can tell us vividly how nasty, brutish and pathetic we are without gilding our foibles by conferring medical status upon them. Hoffer, although indebted to other thinkers, is more than a synthesizer—in itself not a paltry art. The books he has read have meant much to him; their ideas have filtered slowly through his mind and have been enriched by his years of experience as a miner, migratory worker and longshoreman. (He had no schooling, was "practically blind up to the age of fifteen," and when his eyesight came back, "was seized with an enormous hunger for the printed word.") His style is distinguished. Like de Tocqueville's, it is dense with abstractions yet highly readable. He tends to be repetitious and his epigrams occasionally falter; but he does not need to step back to make a point—he simply makes it. Altogether, his presentation is coherent, unfaltering and beautifully argued.

The main shortcoming of *The True Believer* is the narrowness of its beam. Its light illumines in brilliant detail a slender wedge of the scene, but the surrounding territory remains in darkness. Politics is an unending struggle between power and interests; Hoffer writes of social *movements*, but there is a curiously static quality in his report. The mathematician can assign a curve to its family if only a tiny portion is visible, provided he recognizes the function which determines it. Hoffer describes a fragment of the curve of social change but we are left in ignorance as to the controlling function. Holding men unfit by appetite and desire to govern themselves, Hobbes thought any government better than none; he argued that that "common power" was best which would "keep them all in awe." At the opposite extreme of political philosophy, Locke contended that men were by nature virtuous social beings, and he deemed the "ultimate sovereignty of the governed" a sacred principle; later thinkers, including Freud, achieved a more realistic appraisal based on the conflict in man of social and anti-social impulses.

Suggested gift books for New Republic readers

THE FEAR OF FREEDOM
By Francis Biddle
An outstanding American liberal's thoughtful analysis of present day attempts to legislate private political opinion—and what Americans can do in the face of mounting hysteria. Intro. by *Harold L. Ickes.* $3.50

THE CAINE MUTINY
by Herman Wouk
The #1 best seller—the great novel of the U. S. Navy in the Pacific. 512 pages. $3.95

THE LUTE PLAYER
by Norah Lofts
"Electrically different!" says the *N. Y. Times* of this new novel about Richard the Lion Hearted, Berengaria his queen, and Blondel his minstrel. $3.50

ROSS AND THE NEW YORKER
by Dale Kramer
How a great editor built a great magazine. "As entertaining and informative as reading 'The New Yorker' itself." — *Lewis Gannett.* With 26 photographs; index. $3.75

THE ABBOT SISTERS
by Mary-Carter Roberts
"The strangely gripping and exciting account of the loves and hates and deaths of four sisters . . . Unforgettable . . . remarkable." — *St. Louis Globe Democrat.* $3.50

CHICAGO: CITY ON THE MAKE
by Nelson Algren
"A work of genius and absolutely the greatest piece of writing contemporary Chicago has produced." —*Chicago News.* $1.50

THORNDIKE-BARNHART
Comprehensive Desk
DICTIONARY
The revolutionary low priced dictionary featured in *Life, Time & Reader's Digest.* 80,000 entries, 700 illustrations, 896 pages — for only $2.75 standard, $3.25 thumb indexed, $3.75 flexible, thumb indexed. (Full leather, $7.50)

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Hoffer scarcely mentions the existence of this conflict, either within the individual or expressed in the actions of social groups. Men, he seems to say, are mostly villains and have always been. No hope is proffered that they may improve; little is said of the effect on human traits and behavior of social and economic circumstances. Hoffer has sympathy for men's plight, but it is the sympathy of pity rather than understanding. The desire to belong is portrayed as weakness, with no attempt to explain it analytically; the causes and development of frustration and self-hate are similarly passed over. Nor are we offered more than perfunctory conjectures as to the social conditions promoting the emergence of fanatical leaders. One cannot help feeling there is hidden satisfaction in these pages over the works of the devil. There are, I conclude, too many monsters in Hoffer's sinister comedy, creatures misshapen since birth, not deformed by circumstance.

Nevertheless, *The True Believer* is an impressive contribution to political thought, a contribution of particular value in the present day. Increasingly it is becoming a patriotic duty not to think; not to be skeptical; not to reflect on the issues dealt with in this book. The dangers of an arms race are great, yet they are insignificant compared with the dangers of converting the mass of a nation into true believers. "There is one thing in the world," wrote William Kingdon Clifford, "more wicked than the desire to command, and that is the will to obey." It is the special merit of Hoffer's enlarging essay that it reminds us of this truth.

Italian (Daily) Life and Letters

by Nicola Chiaromonte

HERE in a folder, accumulated at random during the last few months, I have several clippings from Italian newspapers, and a number of odd issues of Italian magazines. There is an item about the discovery by the police of an organization whose business was the renting of children from poor families (preferably war-crippled children) by an organization that set them begging; the business extended its operations from Cassino to Milan and Turin. Another clipping reports the visit paid by a distinguished journalist to the brother of a famous old Calabrian brigand, Giuseppe Musolino, who is still alive after forty years of jail. The brother insists that Giuseppe is no criminal, but a man who obeyed the unwritten law of his native land by taking justice into his own hands, killing the seven men who had unjustly accused him of murder. This is not just talk: the brigand's proud brother has started a law suit against the producers of a movie that shows Giuseppe in a bloodthirsty guise. Calabrian and Sicilian audiences have supported this action by hissing furiously at performances of the film.

Among the same haphazardly collected documents, I find an issue of *Epoca*, one of the illustrated weeklies that mushroomed in Italy after the war and are still going strong, as proved precisely by *Epoca*, which was started less than a year ago and is already as successful as the rest of them. To the extent that a mass product reflects the taste of the public at which it is aimed, one can say that these illustrated weeklies (the *rotocalchi*, they are called, from the printing process they employ) are representative of the atmosphere created in postwar Italy by the fever of activity which followed the bursting open of the Fascist straitjacket and the distress of war. The newly recovered freedom of the press was one of the liberties the Italians firmly intended to enjoy and they have exploited it thoroughly. It has flourished along with the freedom to buy, sell and speculate; with the craze for betting on soccer games, which the state lost no time in bringing under its supervision; with the bustle of reconstruction and the unprecedented traveling around of all strata of the population, in search of pleasure or of a few *lire*; with the fierce competition between Catholics and Communists in the field of modern mass organization and politics, the spread of American-type gas stations (diner included) from Milan to Palermo, the ever increasing passion for new cars and scooters, the gratifying advances realized in the design and mechanical perfection of that most popular of all Italian gadgets, the *espresso* coffee machine. Through all this, the atavistic Italian suspicion of the modern world as a reality that can be exploited, or even buoyantly accepted, but never quite believed in, has remained constant.

The *rotocalchi* have reflected, or rather, photographed all this, together with many views of the wide world, from Hollywood to Korea. In the beginning, at least, the best of them was *L'Europeo*; between 1945 and 1947, it was almost the journalistic equivalent of the "neorealism" which, in the same period, made Italian movies so popular: It showed photographically everything Fascism had forbidden, from Italian poverty and crime to nude girls and foreign celebrities. It also printed a series of sensational documents about Fascism and the monarchy, and was rather liberal in outlook. The intention was to unite in one formula sensationalism, straight reporting and good writing. But the masses are an exacting client. The success of the formula excited competition, and competition demanded more and more sensationalism. Today, except for its headlines, which are still the loudest of all, *L'Europeo* can hardly be distinguished from the other *rotocalchi*.

If I am not mistaken, *Epoca* represents in the evolution of the Italian illustrated weekly the setting down of the formula for the permanent service of the middle class. The layout resembles that of *Life*, *Look*, the British *Picture Post* and the French *Match*. There is nothing particularly sensational about its photographs or text, no excess of naked girls or corpses, and no boisterous disproportion between pictures and words. I checked the effectiveness of the formula with an old lady friend of mine who used to read nothing but her prayer book: she reads *Epoca* every week, slowly and carefully. Is she interested in the philosophy column, entrusted to Professor Remo Cantoni, an Italian existentialist expelled from the Communist Party because of his insistence on anguish? Or in the story of the old woman from Salerno who has devoted

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herself singlehanded to the mournful business of digging out the bones and skulls of German soldiers fallen in the mountains around her home town and taking them back to Germany? Or in the way Lucky Luciano parcels out his days in Naples among his confessor, his girl friend, and the race tracks ("Dope King Has Shifted to Charity," says the caption under the picture that shows Luciano in conference with his confessor)? Or in the Love poll conducted among Italian youngsters according to rigorous American methods? Or in the inevitable reportage about this or that member of the ex-reigning family, now a regular feature of every issue of every illustrated weekly in Italy? All I know is that the old lady reads everything in the magazine, except the domestic-policy and foreign-policy columns, and, retaining nothing at all, is always ready for the next issue.

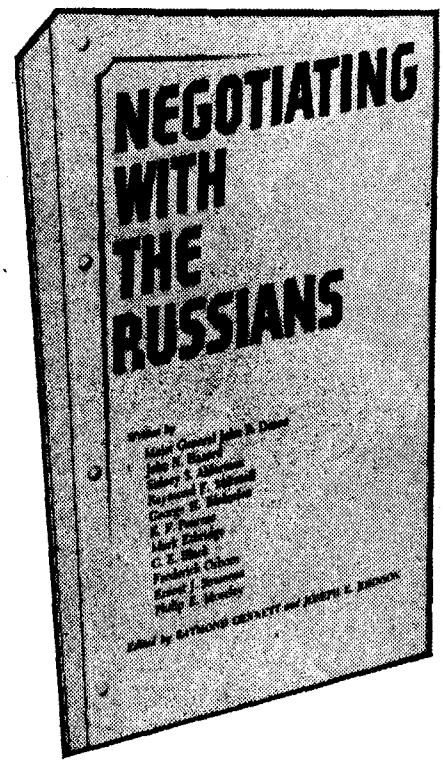
The rotocalchi have had a double effect on Italian journalism and cultural life: they have lowered the general level of the daily press, including such serious organs as the *Corriere della Sera* of Milan and *La Stampa* of Turin, by forcing it to accommodate more sensationalism and less serious journalism; at the same time, with their relatively fat remunerations (the equivalent of $40 to $60 is the highest fee an Italian journalist can expect for an article) the *rotocalchi* have attracted well-known writers and talented young journalists.

This makes all the more remarkable the feat accomplished by Mario Pannunzio, the editor of *Il Mondo*, and his staff. They have succeeded in twisting around the formula and in publishing, on the same technical basis, a sophisticated political and literary weekly. *Il Mondo* and the Florentine monthly, *Il Ponte*, are the best periodicals in Italy.

Il Mondo has succeeded, by sheer journalistic skill, in insinuating itself into the narrow cleft now left free between high-brow writing and popular journalism. Politically, the paper is attached to the less conservative wing of the conservative Liberal Party, and counts among its contributors Benedetto Croce himself. In journalistic terms, however, this political affiliation leaves ample room for free examination and criticism. Being an opposition paper, *Il Mondo* is outspoken (and well informed) on the seamy side of Italian economic, political and social life. One of its best columns is devoted to the "Archives"—that is, to a documentation of Italian manners and morals (with special regard to neo-fascist Communist and Christian Democratic behavior) by selection of small news items and quotations from other current periodicals. It uses photographs in the sober way that nineteenth-century magazines used etchings and drawings: as illustration, or as a figurative comment on current events, often with an ironical intention.

With a modest (but, for Italy, not so small) circulation of 20,000, *Il Mondo* represents in a particularly dignified form a trend that has been apparent in Italy for several years: the desire on the part of independent intellectuals to reach, if not the masses, at least the public at large. In the age of the masses, and of mounting publishing costs, this is not an easy thing for such people to do, even on a small scale. *Il Mondo* is published by the same firm that puts out *L'Europeo* and a score of other illustrated weeklies. Naturally, the interests of its financial backers do not always coincide with those of free criticism and political opposition. Even though it is protected by Croce's benevolence, the existence of *Il Mondo* (which just about succeeds in paying its way) is periodically threatened. A few months ago, only the great prestige it had achieved saved the paper from being sold to a group of Christian Democrats. Nevertheless, the fact that Milanese businessmen are impressed by Croce's name and by ethical considerations is not without significance.

The relation between Italian cultural life and mass media and methods is a subject worth study. There is scarcely an Italian writer or intellectual who does not work for the movies, the radio and the popular press. Italy is the country of clever improvisation and the amateur spirit, and one could hardly expect the implacable standards of American specialization. The net result is that the intellectual still has a chance to impose



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his tastes on the public. The quality of the product does not always satisfy the consumer, but, for example, the Italian Radio's Third Program is almost as good as the BBC's. Also, Italian publishers, art dealers, writers and artists have succeeded in creating among the bourgeoisie (especially the Milanese) a snobbery about literature that has provoked a rabbitlike proliferation of literary and artistic prizes, financed mostly by rich merchants or industrialists. A literary prize is thought in postwar Italy to be good advertising for the firm or the summer resort that offers it; in point of fact, the effects of the advertising are tangible only for the writer or artist who gets the reward and for his publisher or dealer. Finally, of course, there is the fascination exercised over Italian writers and artists by the Communist Party as the most powerful link between the isolated intellectual and the masses. Strong after the war, this trend is now rapidly wearing out.

These are superficial aspects of a much deeper phenomenon, one that it would be wrong to interpret along rigid economic-materialistic lines. Down below, there is a change in the relationship between Italian intellectuals and their audience; deeper still, a change in the intellectual outlook, which started back in the late twenties. The question was not so much (in fact, not at all) how to get in touch with the masses, or how to "adjust" one's writing to changed social conditions, but rather how to shake off once and for all the tenacious impediment of the classical models which, despite such writers as Verga and Pirandello, still haunted Italian literature and paralyzed the development of a modern narrative style.

The problem was not merely one of style. Fundamentally, it was a moral problem—of responsibility toward other men and the world in general—whose complexity and drama could not be grasped by mere literary perfection, subjective moods, or abstract ideas. In the twenties, the Italian literary climate was heavy with "pure literature," lyrical prose and the cult of form. But those were years of turmoil. To young people, any real event was bound to appear more interesting than a perfect piece of prose, and the ambition to measure oneself against reality nobler than that of being praised by the happy few. On the other hand, the breakdown of morality and political ideas implied by Fascism forced that traditional egotist, the Italian man of letters, to a moral examination: it confronted him with the problem of the immediate consequences of his words and acts. Literary niceties were of no use to anybody, not even to the Ministry of Propaganda.

Contemporary Italian narrative literature (of which "neo-realist" movies have been the by-product) was born out of that examination. One can even place its birth date, 1929, the year when Moravia's first novel, *The Indifferents*, was published. In the same year, Silone was writing *Fontamara*.

Moravia, Silone, Carlo Levi, Vasco Pratolini, Elsa Morante, Giuseppe Berto, Elio Vittorini, the Italian writers who are for the first time competing successfully with their French colleagues, have little in common with one another except the fact that they are all narrators. Yet, taken together, they represent a resolute tendency to break away from Italian estheticism and provincialism, and to communicate directly with the public at large by talking in the speech of human events, situations and actions rather than in the periods of literature.

FOUR ITALIAN NOVELS

SCIROCCO, by Romualdo Romano (Farrar, Straus and Young; $2.75).

A HERO OF OUR TIME, by Vasco Pratolini (Prentice-Hall; $3).

THE BRIGAND, by Giuseppe Berto (New Directions; $2.75).

THE CONFORMIST, by Alberto Moravia (Farrar, Straus and Young; $3.50).

ON THE SURFACE, Romualdo Romano's *Scirocco*, winner of the Hemingway award in Italy for 1949, is a disgusting novel about a disgusted school teacher who does nothing and cares for nothing except the relative cleanliness of hunting. The teacher observes the effect of a murder, instructs his filthy and degraded pupils, allows himself to be made love to by a pimply nymphomaniac, watches a fire, joins a Fascist spy hunt with passive disdain, stares at a typewriter on which he does not write.

But the novel is also a parable, economic and vivid, of the soul of man under Fascism. The school teacher who cannot write represents the sensitive man deprived of even the illusion of freedom, guilt-ridden by the destruction and self-destruction that is the "law of life" under Fascism—that is, like the sirocco's coming, a law transcending national boundaries. What this excellent and imperfect novel conveys about the background and make-up of the perceptive Italian today helps one to understand the novels of Pratolini, Berto and Moravia, all of them older men who feel or have felt with Romano that "no one was any less guilty than anyone else."

Vasco Pratolini, as he shows in "The Girls of Sanfrediano," in *A Tale of Poor Lovers* and now in *A Hero of Our Time*, has partially escaped this indiscriminate hopelessness by identifying himself with the anti-Fascist forces of Italy's past and present. Nevertheless, he is at his best when he describes his hero of our time, an innocently brutal Fascist of sixteen in the depths of a sadistic affair with the morally supine widow of a former comrade. Pratolini's portrayal of their relationship maintains a concentrated power one does not find in his earlier work or in the portions of this novel devoted to the more encouraging doings of his Communist or left-wing men and women, who are less people than personifications of Marxist leaflets.

Although Giuseppe Berto's *The Brigand* ends in the annihilation of most of the characters, it, like his earlier *The Sky Is Red*, convincingly dramatizes the efforts of the Italian people to escape the Fascist "law of life." Until he goes berserk at the end, the brigand, Michele Rende, is both a symbol of opposition to tyranny and a fully realized human being. Under his leadership, the villagers of Santo Stefano take orderly possession of the uncultivated land of the absentee owner. When he is arrested and escapes to become a reluctant brigand who tries to harry the rich into righteousness, the movement collapses and the villagers return to filth and de-

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spair. Nevertheless the reader is left with the hope that the boy, Nino, who has both absorbed the spirit of Michele and seen the futility of his brigandry, represents a generation that will be strong enough to live in peace.

Much of the virtue of the novel is in the description of the villagers, of the confusing ignorance they inherit and of their dubiously optimistic assertions of the right to live as human beings. *The Brigand* is neither a people, yes, nor a people, no; it is a more compressed and restrained Italian *Grapes of Wrath*, an eloquent tract for our times.

The Conformist is Alberto Moravia's best book and displays a greater craft than any of the other novels I have discussed. The hero, Marcello, feeling an obsessive guilt for the incipient sadism and homosexuality that made his childhood miserable, wants above all else to convince himself that he is a "normal" member of his society. Since killing, lying and betrayal are conventions of that society, he conforms by working for the Fascist secret police. When the fall of Mussolini's government convinces him that neither he nor his superiors are normal, he decides that normality is the "desire—as wearisome as it is vain—to justify a life trapped in its own original guilt." He feels that logically he should commit suicide, but he and his family are killed by the strafing of an Allied plane as he tries to delay decision by flight.

As in all his books from *Wheel of Fortune* to *Two Adolescents*, Moravia impresses the reader by the clinical detachment of his examination of individual and social pathology. Because Marcello could be a member of any modern society, because something of his neurotic desire for normality is in all of us, the implications of *The Conformist* are broad. Still, I cannot help preferring the novels of Pratolini, Berto and Romano. Like the writer in his *Conjugal Love*, Moravia appears to be a man who can be passionate only about the neurotic failure of passion; the coldness of his elegantly contrived universe repels me. Romano, Pratolini and Berto sometimes falter because they want, and cannot see clearly, a hope beyond despair. Moravia almost convinces that whatever is, is wrong, and always will be.

HARVEY CURTIS WEBSTER

Harvey Curtis Webster is on a two-year leave of absence from the University of Louisville. He spent last year teaching American literature at the University of Durham, England, and is now working on a novel.

Three Poets in Focus

by M. L. Rosenthal

OUR TEXT today might well be "The Seriousness of Our Poets." They do not originate the important ideas, but they do re-create them in human and subjective terms. The poets Eberhart, Read and Gregory, though unlike in many vital aspects, typically wrestle with the life-and-death issues of existence (though their skill, gayety and freshness, all that lifts them to emotional and esthetic realization, may render them suspect in the eyes of those to whom the unfamiliar and unlugubrious seem merely "eccentric"). In so doing they, like other writers of comparable stature, are performing an ancient function: ritualizing, dramatizing, selecting the deeper motifs of a culture.

SELECTED POEMS, by Richard Eberhart (Oxford; $2.50).
COLLECTED POEMS, by Herbert Read (New Directions; $3).
SELECTED POEMS, by Horace Gregory (Viking; $3).

Eberhart more than others has proposed for himself the theme of the fact of death, a theme doubtless as old as poetic expression itself. In his work, however, we find no incantations to ward death off, or ingenious proofs of its irrelevance, or outcries against cruel nature. His best-known poem, "The Groundhog," introduces the shock of fact immediately:

> In June, amid the golden fields,
> I saw a groundhog lying dead.
> Dead lay he; my senses shook,
> And mind outshot our naked frailty.

The speaker tells how he stood and stared and poked the animal's maggoty body with a stick "and kept my reverence for knowledge." There is no escape into more abstract considerations, despite his loathing and the sickness of the "strange love" welling up in him. Later in the year he returns to the scene again and sees the "bony sodden hulk" of the groundhog; the next summer he finds the skeleton "beautiful as architecture" in the sunlight; three years later all traces of it have disappeared. He has moved from that first strong emotional involvement through less "concerned" attitudes to a sudden final vision of the futility of, yet necessity for, heroism, wisdom and mystic vision—human buffers and constructs against time.

This is a way of "meeting" death characteristic of modern poets, though the reader may find strong parallels in Donne and others of the seventeenth century. Side by side are ranged a recognition of a tragic reality, a scientific and esthetic "objectivity" and a desire to counteract knowledge with imaginative assertions that transcend reality. Sometimes an Eberhart poem is pitched in so high an emotional key that the vision of transformation and the catastrophic knowledge are fused together, seen as equally valid perceptions of the whole truth. "In a Hard Intellectual Light," for instance, is a Blakean attempt to merge the moral, humanistic purposes motivating the search for truth with "the hard intellectual light," which, as he says:

> . . . kills all delight
> And brings the solemn, inward pain
> Of truth into the heart again.

At other times the deaths of famous men—Henry James or D. H. Lawrence—are treated with wry casualness or humor. Death is no more serious for such, after all, than it is for the rest of us.

Again, the rich complexities of wit and imagination evoked in the life of the free intelligence may force grimmer recognitions temporarily underground, as in Eberhart's "Ode to the Chinese Paper Snake." This poem, and his "Retrospective Forelook," views our culture and its history in ironic perspective; perhaps they imply a relationship between the individual's obsession with

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the harshness and bleakness of the truth about death and a society's consciousness, as a whole, of the needs for self-deception underlying cultural forms.

All this taken together composes into a vision not too unlike that of Herbert Read, who must certainly sympathize with Eberhart's attempt to use all the resources of will, humor, logic and fantasy to create a human counter-reality to bleakness—what Eberhart calls

> . . . love discoverable here
> Difficult, dangerous, pure, clear,
> The truth of the positive hour
> Composing all of human power.

But Read's "metaphysical" arguments are knottier and closer to the genuine religious questionings of Donne than to Eberhart's more secular humanism; his mood comes very near to absolute despondency—curiously, because the statements are so precise and bold. Read's *Collected Poems* closes on a very dark note, the poem "1945," which views unmoved the hopes of the victors in the last war, presented in the image of children "running over the perilous sands" believing they have found riches by the shore:

> But I saw only the waves behind them
> Cold, salt, and disastrous
> Lift their black banners and break
> Endlessly, without resurrection.

We have seen this note in Eberhart's writing, too, and would not be surprised to find in Read a parallel counter-effort toward "positive" synthesis. The latter's work, however, is more bitterly depressed, rarely containing a full assertion of mystical realization as the high point of a poem. The difference is partly one of emphasis. Thus, Read's "The Lament of St. Denis" begins with images of burnt-out faith and macabre gayety:

> The bones that dance after death
> are very feat, very nice
> And the empty box has forgotten
> its load of rocking dice.

Slowly it rises to its moment of exaltation and epiphany, but then lets down sharply into a personal outcry that dashes cold water over the painfully built up Platonic illusion:

> Our child is lost
> in dream I have seen
> a black bat lac'd
> to his dead white face.

But in the long poem "The Nuncio" we have an elaborate statement, partly explicit and partly symbolic, of the individualist creed that shows where the poet's heart, if not quite his faith, lies.

Read's better-known poems are those dealing with war. These are "anti-war poems," yet often imbued with a social mysticism which almost means acceptance of war as a precondition of grace. "The Execution of Cornelius Vane" and a few others, though, concern themselves more simply with the pity of war, Wilfred Owen's theme. (Owen's influence is clear in "Bombing Casualties in Spain.") The story of poor Cornelius' panic and desertion is told directly and vividly, and there are few moments of poetic narrative as poignant as the closing lines that tell of the execution:

> He saw a party of his own regiment,
> With rifles, looking very sad.
> The morning was bright, and as they tied
> The cloth over his eyes, he said to the assembly:
> "What wrong have I done that I should leave these:
> The bright sun rising
> And the birds that sing?"

The concentrated sadness of "The Heart Conscripted" and of these poems of pity cannot destroy the image and hope for "a crystal city in the age of peace"; but Read's knowledge, again like Eberhart's, is in large part the self-knowledge of a culture fully aware of the deep stain of its evil compulsions. In both poets the naïve delight in nature, in love and the spontaneous discovery of beauty and melody, is largely subordinated to this knowledge and thus made pathetic.

Now that Horace Gregory's *Selected Poems* makes it easy to review his whole development, we can see how thoroughly and consciously elegaic a poet he has always been. There was ever a pure, lucid, nostalgic classical strain in his verse; the early studies in and translations of Latin poets remain a permanent influence, blending with and sometimes outlasting the later stamp of such strong literary personalities as Lawrence, Pound and Jeffers. The influence comes through not only in the clarity and elegance of phrasing, but in the recurring sense of the evanescence of identity as well as of a loss of relationship between the traditional poetic sensibility and the world it now finds itself in. Gregory's "social" poems of the thirties were less poems of protest or propaganda than efforts to find a home for that sensibility. In "O Metaphysical Head," a key to his writing of that period, we see him exploring conventional romantic conceptions of the ideal self—the "good guy," the hero, the great lover, the successful man—and emerging with an image of a headless beggar as the most realistic suggestion of what has happened to personality in the wasteland of the modern spirit. "Hagen" is pure elegy in a naturalistic setting, though "social" in its pointing up of the *waste*, once more, of human possibilities. "Longface Mahoney Discusses Heaven" reduces the pipedream of happiness in an ordered world to its most elementary form—a bum's imagined escape from poverty and cops to

> . . . someplace unreal
> where everybody goes after something happens,
> set up in the air, safe, a room in a hotel.
> A brass bed, military hairbrushes,
> a couple of coats, trousers, maybe a dress
> on a chair or draped on the floor.

Gregory's good taste and integrity as a craftsman have saved him from bumptiousness and overstatement. Thus, his "Interior: the Suburbs" is both a nonconformist's criticism of the narrowness of bourgeois perspectives and an assertion of "desperate valor," the endurance that can wring value out of absurdity. *Chorus for Survival*, the culminating poem-sequence of Gregory's "dissident" period, subordinates revolutionary themes and Laurentian prayers for rebirth of the personality to a classical structure modeled on Catullus' epithalamial poetry; thus once again it asserts, indirectly, certain values of endurance, despite the fact that several poems of the sequence are intensely bitter thrusts at the economic order and the American neglect of our best heritage and most promising potentialities.

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Of his later work, the "Two Monologues from the Passion of M'Phail" are remarkable poems, traps sprung on the marketable personality of our day, implacable in their sense of loss, their grasping after some remnant of personal meaning in the soul of M'Phail, the Great Salesman. Gregory has of late, as the twenty-two new poems show, been plunging further and further into the world of nostalgia, personal and cultural memory, lost meanings—a vast inheritance of need, guilt and neglected love. He has been spinning a thin, tough web of courage out of this recognition of all that haunts the modern mind just below the surface of ordinary consciousness. Gregory's experimentation with this area of poetic meaning has gone on for some time now; in poems like "Elizabeth at the Piano," "Haunted Odysseus," "The Cage of Voices" and "Statue in the Square" he moves almost as far away from his early themes of rebirth and into an obsession with old, unhappy, far-off voices as it seems possible for even so richly resourceful an elegist to go.

GOOD BEYOND EVIL

THE END OF THE AFFAIR, by Graham Greene (Viking; $3).

GRAHAM GREENE has paid tribute, in a recently published volume of critical articles, to the widely differing talents of two writers from whom he has learned much: John Buchan and François Mauriac. Buchan, Greene says, "was the first to realize the enormous dramatic value of adventure in familiar surroundings"; and Mauriac brought into the modern novel "characters with souls to save or lose." Greene's own early practice combined these two innovations with great skill and effect. The pattern of the novel of suspense—the trap, pursuit and flight, the tracking down of a fugitive—has a close parallel in the religious drama of salvation and redemption; and Greene used the first to reinforce and underline the second. His interest, at the beginning, was more or less fixed upon problems of evil; the "breath of the Pit" exhales its full brimstone odor as Pinkie, in *Brighton Rock*, drops his vitriol before he goes over the cliff. But Greene has never been a Manichean. The exploitation of evil, without an accompanying exploration of the problems of good, in the novel leads toward the Gothic; and to this temptation Greene has never succumbed. Since *The Power and the Glory* he has concentrated his attention upon the mystery of goodness to such an extent that his scene has slowly shifted from the world of outer action to the inner world of passion and thought; and it is the familiar human being that he now forces to heights and depths of unlikely spiritual adventure.

The present book undertakes to explain sainthood—that most unlikely of human states—as it takes root in the most ordinary kind of human character: in the spirit of an adulterous wife. Sarah is extraordinary only in the intensity of her human passion; and it is from this single factor of intensity that her final spiritual power springs. Greene is evidently determined to sever the word "saint" from its more mawkish connotations. Anyone can be a saint, he seems to say, who is capable of great love (finally directed toward God) and who can bear great suffering. Greene projects his problem through the character of a man incapable of love—the victim of an obsession which closely corresponds to the religious idea of demonic possession: the obsession of morbid jealousy. Bendrix, the narrator and Sarah's lover, is a victim of this psychic illness from the beginning of their relationship; and Greene describes his symptoms with clinical accuracy. Bendrix is condemned to passion by proxy. His desire feeds on suspicion and "the passion to destroy"; it demands not only infidelity but living proofs of infidelity; and the private detective becomes its shabby servitor. But by the time Bendrix has laid his hands on proof, Sarah has moved beyond his reach. Through a miracle based on the fullness of her profane love and a vow to a God she hardly believes in, she has passed into a region of good which evil cannot harm.

Greene works throughout the early part of the book with consummate skill; it is only with the account of the miracles which take place after Sarah's

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death that he begins to lose hold of his material. Instead of moving into the field of the miraculous with the grand sweep of a Mauriac or a Bernanos, he pulls his supernatural events down to the rather childish level of the relic and the message from the grave; and he stumbles badly in digging up a Catholic baptism of which Sarah knew nothing, in order to make her saintliness orthodox. In the case of Bendrix, however, Greene follows through with case-history clarity. Bendrix ends up as the comforter and companion of Sarah's husband —the sort of role toward which his subconscious wishes had been pushing him from the first.

Greene's intuitions concerning the ancient and unchanging secrets of the human heart continue to be remarkable, but he is not always capable of fusing his religious faith with his psychological insight. Moments of such fusion happen, but usually on the level of shock rather than of spiritual grandeur, where everything is at once usual and transcendent, likely and unlikely, familiar and strange. However, he has not set out to be a poet or dramatist, but a novelist telling what he believes to be the truth according to his lights. As such a novelist he has succeeded in adding moral dimensions to the modern English novel, a form which, one must admit, can be impoverished by either a purely subjective or a purely rational approach. LOUISE BOGAN

THE TOO-GOOD FRIEND

THE POETRY OF EZRA POUND, by Hugh Kenner (New Directions; $4).

IN MANY WAYS this is an extremely valuable book. In the first place, it is an act of highly accomplished literary pioneering. Hugh Kenner is the first critic to undertake a comprehensive examination of the entire corpus of Pound's poetry, and his account of the technic—versification, diction, construction—is penetrating and imaginative, full of subtly illuminating insights. In the second place, he provides us with as serviceable a guidebook to the *Cantos* as we are likely to get for a long time—or at least until some of the dust of controversy has settled and the yowls and hallelujahs have faded away. For all this, serious students of poetry are indebted to him, and the debt should be gratefully acknowledged. Having said which, I must go on to record my distaste for almost everything else the book is and stands for.

A man can deny the greatness of Pound at his best and still be critically sane. A man may even hold, with some commentators of a certain repute, that Pound is incapable of writing poetry, and still escape the dunce's cap. It is not the doubtful ones or the deniers that are Pound's most dangerous enemies. These enemies are his friends, his highly vocal apostles; and Kenner must be accounted, if not the Peter, at least the Paul of this slap-happy band. I cannot find that he disapproves of, or is even faintly disturbed by, anything that Pound has written, said, or (let's include the opera *Villon*) sung. *Et aperuit os suum*, in the Gospel phrase: the master has opened his mouth, and that is enough for any convinced disciple. As if there were not enough to praise in the *Propertius*, the *Mauberley* and the *Cantos*, this kind of criticism must apotheosize the noddings, the perversities, the lapses of taste and the patent howlers. Thus we read on page 255 that Pound has been "charged" (surely the meiosis of the year!) with anti-Semitism, the excuse apparently being that certain die-hard Arabs have found *The Divine Comedy* and the *Poema de mio Cid* anti-Islam. If a page looks like goulash concocted by a demented chef in the Berlitz School Commons, we are told that we need not know the seven or eight languages misinvolved, although of course we should be better off if we did. If a Latin phrase is manhandled until Tiber flows backwards in fright, Kenner informs us that the gaffe is an act of creative enrichment. True, he does not explain the profundities latent in Pound's inability to get any Greek accent right except by manifest accident; but presumably the value is there, since he blithely follows in the train.

All of which really amounts to a disservice. For I believe that Ezra Pound is one of the few major poets writing in English, and it is my concern, as critic and teacher, to make this view intelligible to (shall I pursue the figure?) the neophytes. But the neophytes, if they have half the brains God gave the mud puppy, are not going to be won by indiscriminate adulation. It's a pity; but Kenner's cries of *Osanna!* in the wrong place, at the wrong time, cancel out as many passages of the aware and valuable criticism of which he is so eminently capable. DUDLEY FITTS

The list of Notable Books of 1951, announced for this issue, will be published next week. Saul Carson's On the Air, *omitted for lack of space, will also appear next week.* – THE EDITORS

THEATRE

Free Advice

SEVERAL ACTORS of Hollywood renown have appeared this season in "straight" plays; none of them has been conspicuously successful. Their presence in New York at the moment, and the fact that the plays they are appearing in hardly deserve comment, bring to mind a subject I have long wished to discuss.

I have no prejudice against Hollywood actors—artistic or geographic. There is no reason why an actor who has spent the greater part of his career in pictures, even one whose acting life originated in pictures, should not prove effective on the stage. However . . .

A number of promising stage actors—Marlon Brando and Montgomery Clift, for example—go to Hollywood after they have appeared with acclaim in two or three stage plays. No one questions their talent. What happens to them usually is this: they make two or three pictures, in some cases, many more, and they achieve name, fame and, from the standpoint of the New York producers, great box-office allure. What the young actor—and practically everybody else—overlooks at this point is that he has not grown in technical or personal capacity from the time of his first success on the stage to the moment of his re-emergence there. He is still only a

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brilliant beginner. He hasn't deteriorated or been spoiled by his Hollywood experience; he has simply made the qualities that were engaging on the stage more widely known. This is not equivalent to the process of developing as an actor, which requires study and practice on the stage itself.

Because he has shown himself to millions instead of to thousands is he better equipped to play Chekhov, Shaw, Shakespeare or any of the dramatists who really test the mettle and scope of a mature actor? Because he has advanced himself as a commodity, he has not necessarily progressed as a craftsman: it is performance, not publicity, that makes an actor. And when I say performance, I do not mean an appearance in one production every three years, under the "best" director, in the "greatest" play, but repeated appearances in all kinds of plays under various auspices of perhaps unequal merit. John Barrymore did not become the actor he was (before Hollywood) by selecting his vehicles with a broker's caution.

The choice for the actor is clear: he must act and, if need be, fail, and act again at every opportunity and he will become a real actor with a scale that extends beyond three notes. No artist (or actor) ever became one by playing a game that relates to advertisement, income tax and the comfort of the ego rather than to the nature of his work itself. I remember Spencer Tracy in *The Last Mile*: he was excellent. I remember him later in many movies: he was excellent again. He never ceased being a gifted person and certainly he always remained an attraction. But today he is a prop rather than an actor, and if he had to do the parts for which in the beginning he was potentially well equipped—say, Macbeth, Dr. Stockmann, Falstaff or even the husband in *The Country Girl*—I doubt that he would do as good a job as certain younger men who have neither his endowment nor his reputation. The talented young actor today, despite everything, need not protest, "One has to eat," as if he were making a signal discovery. The actor who follows my advice will not starve, even for food.

Having begun, I shall go on advising—this time the producers and the power that sustains them—the backers. Stop producing "commercial" plays; they make no money! At least half a dozen plays presented recently were done only because they were "commercial"—that is, they resembled plays that had once been successful. I know of several meritorious scripts — *Seven Without*, by Irving Ravitch, *Sunday Breakfast*, by Emery Rubio and Miriam Balf—which thus far have failed to see the light of the stage because producers or backers who gladly forked out thousands on recent flops believe the better scripts are too "harsh" or "sad" to be commercial. Such people should learn that there is nothing "commercial" in the theatre except excellence. They need not cite examples to prove the contrary. One is still proud to have done *The Autumn Garden* or *Billy Budd*, which did not make money. *The Skin of Our Teeth*, *The Lady's Not For Burning*, *Death of a Salesman*, *The Member of the Wedding*, *The Madwoman of Chaillot*, *Come Back, Little Sheba*, *The Glass Menagerie* are all of them plays (in script) to make the commercially minded tremble.

A current example of inadequate judgment is Gilbert Miller's notion that he could take the charming idea of Colette's *Gigi* (which the French made into a delightful movie) and turn it into a good play even though the material is alien to our audiences and actors. Nor was it wise to suppose that the good French director, Raymond Rouleau, who cannot speak our language and doesn't understand the temperament and abilities of his mostly English cast, could give the play its proper tone. Anita Loos's adaptation of Colette's comic idyll of innocence amid the quaint vice of another time, moreover, is skimpily naturalistic when it needs the quality of sparkling improvisation. The series of evocative pictorial drops that cover the scene changes are not enough to supply the required atmosphere. Audrey Hepburn as Gigi, however, is pert, pretty and promising.

HAROLD CLURMAN

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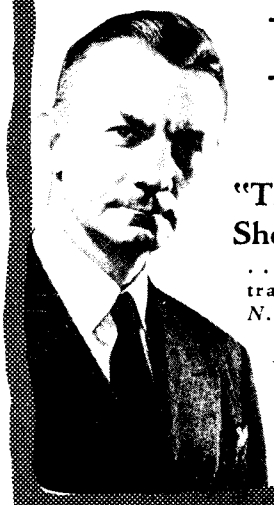

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